
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1799.

SKETCH OF
THE MEMOIRS
OF
SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN, BART.
KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of our Miscellany has been already assigned to naval characters, and with their respective portraits have our numbers been decorated. We are now about to augment the list by the addition of an officer, to whose abilities and services the nation has been in no small degree indebted. Such are the men we wish to bring forward; the welfare and safety of our country lie near our heart, and the individuals who contribute to the security of this important object, are entitled to high commendations. That commendation, therefore, we shall now bestow, nor will our readers be displeased with the award. They will even cheerfully join with us, on the present occasion, in conferring upon so worthy an object the merited tribute of applause.

Sir John Borlase Warren is descended of an ancient and respectable family of Little Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Particulars on this head we have not learnt; but sufficient is known to reflect an honour on the stock from which he has derived his origin.

Gentlemen of the navy have seldom an acquaintance with any branches of knowledge, except those sciences which are immediately connected with their profession. Nor, in general, is an acquaintance with literary pursuits a necessary acquisition. Indeed it is said of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, who, by military exploits, was deemed the glory of Queen Anne's reign, that he could scarcely read and write; yet in the field no one could be found equal to him, and with his martial valour and success all Europe resounded.

But with respect to the subject of this memoir, we have a far different tale to record. Sir John was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and Dr. Farmer, if we are not much mistaken, was concerned in his tuition. Here he devoted himself to study with an intenseness which does honour to his understanding. The acquisition of knowledge is no mean undertaking, and the hill of science can be ascended by no individual without unceasing exertion. In the year 1776 he took up his degree of Master of Arts in the university, and was, we doubt not, fully entitled to this mark of academic distinction. It were to be wished, indeed, that these literary honours were, in other cases, bestowed with a more sparing hand. Discrimination in this assignment, constitutes no inconsiderable part of their value; let not this, their chief ingredient, then, be either diminished or destroyed.

Soon after this period we find him enlisted in the service of his country, and devoted to that profession in which he has been eminently distinguished. In 1778 we find him appointed lieutenant, and in 1779 was advanced to the rank of master and commander in his majesty's service. In this station, however, he did not long remain, for he was raised to be captain in 1781, at the close of the American war, a contest ever to be deplored in the annals of Britain.

The peace of 1783 arrived speedily after the promotion which we have just mentioned. Of course he was deprived

deprived of the usual theatre where such talents display themselves. He, and other brave officers, retired—a respite being thus granted to their efforts in behalf of their beloved country.

But, we are happy to add, that in this retreat Sir John did not forget the services which he had it in his power to render the nation which gave him birth. In secret he meditated her welfare; for to him is ascribed a publication highly serviceable to his country. It is entitled, “A View of the Naval Force of Great Britain, in which its present State, Growth, and Conversion of Timber, Constructions of Ships, Docks, and Harbours, Regulations of Officers and Men in each Department, are considered, and compared with other European Powers; to which are added, Observations and Hints for the Improvement of the Naval Service, 8vo.” From the copiousness of the title may be fairly learnt the value of its contents. In such hands objects of so much importance would necessarily suggest some very useful and valuable considerations, with which every lover of his country must be pleased.

We have reason to believe that he assisted, considerably, in the formation of the Society for improving Naval Architecture, an institution of the first respectability. The subjects which it professes to discuss, and the purposes to which it is avowedly devoted, entitle it to the esteem and gratitude of our countrymen. In the prosecution of such schemes the most distinguished talents are usefully employed.

At the commencement of the present unhappy war, Sir John was again called forth to the services of his country. In 1793 and 1794 he was invested with the command of the *Flora*, and appointed to the Channel service. The French had designed to obstruct our outward and home bound fleets; but in this intention they were disappointed by the activity of this brave officer, whose vigilance the enemy could not escape.

Sir John was also employed to proceed with the Earl Moira in relieving the Royalists of Vendee; but it was not attended with success. No blame, however, attaches to the commanders of this expedition; the fortune of war is proverbial for its variations.

On his return from this expedition, he again was destined to scour the channel, and he executed this commission with so much alacrity, that the enemy suffered greatly by his activity. He was by this time elevated to the rank of commodore, and his promotion well became him. By his efforts he gave full proof that he deserved those naval honours which had been conferred upon him; promotion did not relax his powers nor paralyse his exertions; on the contrary, it roused him to still greater ardour in the service of that country which had rewarded him with liberality.

Sir John's recent endeavours to prevent the invasion of Ireland by the French, were crowned with signal success. The following letter, written by him, imparts a clear and satisfactory account of that business.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 21, 1798.

Lieutenant Waterhouse arrived here late last night with the duplicate of a dispatch from Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart. and K. B. captain of his Majesty's ship Canada, to Vice-Admiral Kingsmill, of which the following is a copy:

*Canada, Lough Swilly, Ireland,
October 16.*

"SIR,

"In pursuance of the orders and instructions I received by the Kangaroo, I proceeded with the Canada, Robust, Foudroyant, and Magnanime, off Achill Head, and on 10th instant I was joined by his Majesty's ships Melampus and Doris, the latter of whom I directed to look out for the enemy off Tory island and the Rosses; in the evening of the same day the Amelia appeared in the offing, when Captain Herbert informed me he had parted

parted with the Ethalion, Anson, and Sylph, who with great attention had continued to observe the French Squadron since their sailing on the 17th ultimo. In the morning of the 11th, however, these two ships also fell in with us, and at noon the enemy were discovered in the N. W. quarter, consisting of one ship of eighty guns, eight frigates, a schooner, and a brig. I immediately made the signal for a general chase, and to form in succession as each ship arrived up with the enemy, who, from their great distance to windward, and a hollow sea, it was impossible to come up with before the 12th.

“ The chase was continued in very bad and boisterous weather all the day of the 11th, and the following night ; when, at half past five A. M. they were seen at a little distance to windward, the line of battle ship having lost her main top-mast.

“ The enemy bore down, and formed their line in close order upon the starboard tack, and, from the length of the chase, and our ships being spread, it was impossible to close with them before seven A. M. when I made the Robust’s signal to lead, which was obeyed with much alacrity, and the rest of the ships to form in succession in the rear of the van.

“ The action commenced at twenty minutes past seven o’clock A. M. the Rosses bearing S. S. W. five leagues, and at eleven, the Hoche, after a gallant defence, struck ; and the frigates made sail from us : the signal to pursue the enemy was made immediately, and in five hours afterwards three of the frigates hauled down their colours also ; but they, as well as the Hoche, were obstinately defended, all of them being heavy frigates, and, as well as the ship of the line, entirely new, full of troops and stores, with every necessary for the establishment of their views and plans in Ireland.

“ I am happy to say, that the efforts and conduct of every officer and man in the Squadron seemed to have been actuated by the same spirit, zeal, and unanimity
in

in their king and country's cause; and I feel myself under great obligations to them, as well as the officers and men of this ship, for their exertions upon this occasion; which will, I hope, recommend them to your Lordship's favour.

"I left Captain Thornborough, after the action, with the *Magnanime*, *Ethalion*, and *Amelia*, with the prizes; and am sorry to find he is not arrived; but trust they will soon make their appearance.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"humble Servant,

"JOHN WARREN.

"P. S. The ships with us in the action were the *Canada*, *Robust*, *Foudroyant*, *Magnanime*, *Ethalion*, *Melampus*, and *Amelia*.

"The *Anson* joined us in the latter part of the action, having lost her mizen-mast in chase the day before.

"I have sent my first lieutenant, *Turguand*, to take the command of the *Hoche*."

The taking of the *Hoche* was a masterly manœuvre, and completely baffled the expectations of the disaffected. It has proved the means of continuing Ireland to us, at least it has kept it out of the hands of the French, who, were they to obtain so near a footing to us, would be continually disturbing our repose, and threatening our safety. May our sister kingdom be long preserved to us—restored from those distresses in which she has been so shockingly involved, and raised to all the blessings of humanity and religion!

Such have been the services of **SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN**, with the account of which our readers will be gratified.

GOSSI.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXIX.]

CLARK'S LEAP.

A GENTLEMAN who travelled lately into Cumberland, gives the following anecdote—“Passing Swirl’s Gate, a little beyond the seven mile post, is seen a rock jutting out into the lake, which has got the name of *Clark’s Leap*, from the following strange story. A man of the name of Clark was jealous of his wife to that degree, that he was resolved to put an end to his own existence. He communicated his resolution to his wife, and told her at the same time, that he was determined to *hang himself*; to this she objected, for fear it might prove too painful: he then said he would *shoot* himself; but from this she likewise dissuaded him, for fear he might not kill himself outright, and to suffer extreme pain to no purpose; he next proposed to *drown* himself; this pleased her, and they went very lovingly together to the water’s edge: he then proposed to wade in, but she said the weather was so cold that he would suffer much needless pain; then they walked by the water side till they came to this rock, which she told him she thought was fit for his purpose, as the water was deep enough at the edge to drown him; he was then going to throw himself directly in, but she told him he might hurt himself against the rock before he reached the water, so that he had better take a run and leap as far as he could; he followed her advice, very calmly put off his coat and took his leap; she staid till she saw him drowned, and then returned, fully satisfied that she had done her duty *in giving him the best advice she could*.”—This lady is still alive, and thus she tells her own story!

GRATITUDE

GRATITUDE.

A MORE grotesque instance of the sudden power of gratitude, may be adduced in a modern Kentish anecdote, perfectly well attested.

A person of Whitstable, named Patten, was well known in his own neighbourhood as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther assistance of art; he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the happy guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig. "Why not!" exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest, "I find you are a very honest, good natured fellow; so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

ANECDOTE FOR THE USE OF MINISTERS,
FROM BACON'S APOTHEGMS.

ALCIBIADES visiting Pericles, staid a while before he was admitted; when he came in Pericles excused it, and said, "I was studying how to give my account." Alcibides replied, "If you will be ruled by me, study how to give no account."

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

A FOREIGNER, describing the manners of the English, writes thus—"The proneness of the whole nation to melancholy, renders the women grave and serious;
their

their minds are less occupied about pleasures, than in solicitude for the happiness of their husbands, and the management of their domestic concerns. Even women of quality suckle their children; they think that the name and duties of a mother have nothing in them which they ought to blush at, and that no station on earth is comparable to the pleasures of maternal tenderness and the agreeable reflections which result from it."——How much has this perspicuous foreigner discovered in the character of our fair countrywomen in the course of a short visit, which many a dull husband has been unable to find out in the whole course of his life!—It is, however to be remarked, that he was an officer, and perhaps felt himself bound in honour to speak handsomely of the ladies.

GALLANTRY.

A GALLANT *old* gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering place, presented it to her with the following words:

If from your *glove* you take the letter *G*,

Your glove is *love*, which I devote to thee:

To which the lady returned the following neat answer;

If from your *Page* you take the letter *P*,

Your *Page* is *age*, and that won't do for me.

ARCHBISHOP POTTER.

TOWARDS the end of Dr. Middleton's life, when great endeavours were used to obtain some preferment in the church for him, he went to Archbishop Potter to give such an account of his religious opinions as might take off the proscription against him. But when he found that his former writings had left stronger impressions than his new declarations could efface, he said, "What then, my lord, am I never to be forgiven?" The prelate replied—"God, I hope, will forgive you; but you must *never* expect to be forgiven *here*!"

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF DR. HILL IN THE YEAR 1759.

HE wrote a phamphlet addressed to Mr. Garrick, charging him with pronouncing the letter *I* like an *U*, as in virtue, and some other words; in answer to which the British Roscius wrote the following epigram:

DEAR DR.

If it is true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, I hope for the better;
May the first sight of letters as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY.

[From Roscoe's *Lorenzo De Medicis*.]

FROM many circumstances there is great reason to conclude that the doctrines of Plato were applied to practical use, and had a considerable influence on the manners and morals of the age. The object towards which mankind have always directed their mind, and in the acquisition of which every system, both of religion and philosophy, proposes to assist their endeavours, is the *sumum bonum*, the greatest possible degree of attainable happiness; but in what this chief good consists has not been universally agreed upon, and this variety of opinion constitutes the essential difference between the ancient sects of philosophy. Of all these sects there was none whose tenets were so elevated and sublime, so calculated to withdraw the mind from the gratifications of sense and the inferior objects of human pursuit, as that of the Platonists; which, by demonstrating the imperfection of every sensual enjoyment and every temporal blessing, rose at length to the contemplation of the supreme cause, and placed the ultimate good in a perfect abstraction from the world and an implicit love of God. How far these doctrines may be consistent with our nature and destination, and whether such sentiments may

not

not rather lead to a dereliction than a completion of our duty, may, perhaps, be doubted; but they are well calculated to attract a great and aspiring mind. Mankind, however, often arrive at the same conclusion by different means, and we have, in our own days, seen a sect rise up, whose professors employing a mode of deduction precisely opposite to the Platonists of the 15th century, strongly resemble them in their sentiments and manners. Those important conclusions which the one derived from the highest cultivation of intellect, the other has found in an extreme of humiliation, and a constant degradation and contempt of all human endowments. Like navigators, who steer a course directly opposite, they meet, at last, at the same point of the globe. And the sublime reveries of the Platonists, as they appear in the works of some of their followers, and the doctrines of the modern Methodists, are, at times, scarcely distinguishable in their respective writings.

RETIREMENT.

LED on by pensive thoughts, I left awhile
Those civil storms the restless city knows,
Pleas'd for a time to smooth my brow of toil,
And taste the little bliss that life bestows.

Thus, with free steps, my willing course I sped,
Far from the circle of my native walls,
And sought the vale, with thickest foilage spread,
On whose calm breast the mountain shadow falls.

Charm'd with the lovely spot, I sat me down
Where first the hill its easy slope inclin'd,
And ev'ry care that haunts the busy town
Fled, as by magic, from my tranquil mind.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THY splendid halls—thy palaces forgot,
Can paths o'erspread with thorns a charm supply;
Or dost thou seek from our severer lot
To give to wealth and power a keener joy?

Thus I replied—"I know no happier life,
 No better riches than you shepherds boast;
 Freed from the hated jars of civil strife,
 Alike to treachery and to envy lost.

The weed ambition, 'midst your furrow'd field
 Springs not, and avarice little root can find;
 Content with what the changing seasons yield,
 You rest in cheerful poverty resign'd.

What the heart thinks the tongue may here disclose,
 Nor inward grief with outward smiles is drest;
 Not like the world, where wisest, he who knows
 To hide the secret closest in his breast."

GENEROSITY.

LORENZO received a visit from Antonio de San Gallo, who informed him that the untimely death of Giuliano his friend, had prevented his disclosing to Lorenzo a circumstance with which it was now become necessary that he should be acquainted. This was the birth of a son, whom a lady of the family of Gorini had borne to Giuliano, about twelve months before his death, and whom Antonio had held over the baptismal font, where he received the name of Giuliano. Lorenzo immediately repaired to the place of the infant's residence, and taking him under his protection delivered him to Antonio, with whom he remained until he arrived at the 7th year of his age.

This concealed offspring of illicit love, to whom the kindness of Lorenzo supplied the untimely loss of a father, was destined to set an important part in the affairs of Europe. The final extinction of the liberties of Florence; the alliance of the family of Medici with the royal house of France; the expulsion of Henry the Eighth of England from the bosom of the Roman church, and the consequent establishment of the doctrines of the Reformers in this island, are principally to be referred to this illegitimate son of Giuliano de Medici, who, through various vicissitudes of fortune, at length

length obtained the supreme direction of the Roman see, and, under the name of Clement the VIIth, guided the bark of St. Peter through a succession of the severest storms which it has ever experienced.

PATRIOTISM AND AFFECTION.

ALL was now prepared for war, the approaching horrors of which were increased by the appearance of the plague at Florence. In this emergency Lorenzo thought it adviseable to send his wife and children to Pistoia. "I now remove from you," said he to the citizens, "these objects of my affection, whom I would, if necessary, willingly devote for your welfare; that whatever may be the result of this contest, the resentment of mine enemies may be appeased with *my* blood only."

POETRY.

THE great end and object of poetry, and, consequently, the proper aim of the poet, is to communicate to us a clear and perfect idea of his proposed subject. What the painter exhibits to us by variety of colour, by light and shade, the poet expresses in appropriate language. The former seizes merely the external form, and that only in a given attitude. The other surrounds his object, pierces it, and discloses its most hidden qualities. With the former it is inert and motionless; with the latter it lives and moves, it is expanded or compressed, it glares upon the imagination or vanishes in air, and is as various as nature herself.

THE OLIVE.

On some sweet sunny slope the olive grows,
Its hues still changing as the zephyr blows.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CRANES.

MARKING the traëts of air, the clamorous cranes
 Wheel their due flight in varied lines descried;
 And each with outstretch'd neck his rank maintains,
 In marshal'd order through the ethereal void.

SPRING.

SWEET spring returns; the shepherd from the fold
 Brings forth his flocks, nor dreads the win'try cold;
 Delighted once again their steps to lead
 To the green hill, clear spring, and flowery mead.
 True to their mother's tracks the sportive young
 Trip light. The careful hind slow moves along,
 Pleas'd in his arms the new-dropt lamb to bear;
 His dog a faithful guard brings up the rear.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXVII.]

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

What makes the fields rejoice; beneath what stars
 To turn the glebe; and vines adjoin to elms,
 Mæcenas! what the care of lowing herds;
 The culture apt for cattle; and how great
 Th' experience of the parsimonious bee;
 I here attempt to sing. VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

AT this pleasing season of the year the subject of Virgil's Georgics may be deemed a fit theme for meditation. It must animate the dullest soul, and rouse into action minds that are not wholly destitute of sensibility.

The number of these Georgics are four, and the topics embrace a beautiful variety. The occasion on which they were written shall be mentioned in a few words. Virgil being in his 34th year, retired to Naples,
and

and laid the plan of his inimitable *Georgics*, which he undertook at the entreaties of Mæcnas, to whom he dedicated them; not to rival and excel Hesiod, as he had lately done Theocritus in his *Pastorals*, but on a noble and political motive, and to promote the welfare of his country. Great was the desolation occasioned by the civil wars. Italy was almost depopulated: the lands were uncultivated and unstacked: a famine and insurrection ensued, and Augustus himself hardly escaped being stoned by the people, who attributed this calamity to ambition. His wise and able minister Mæcnas, therefore resolved, if possible, to revive the decayed spirit of husbandry, to introduce a taste for agriculture even among the great, and could not think of a better method to effect this purpose, than to recommend it by the insinuating charms of poetry. Virgil fully answered the expectations of his polite patron, for the *Georgics* contain all those masterly beauties that might be expected from an exalted genius, whose judgment and imagination were in full maturity and vigour, and who had leisure to give the last polish and perfection to his incomparable workmanship. Corn and ploughing are the subject of the first book. Vines of the second. Cattle of the third; and Bees of the fourth. It is remarkable that the four first lines of each book express the topics on which they are respectively written.

With respect to the manner in which the work is executed, too much cannot be advanced in its praise. The talents of the author raise high hopes, and the perusal of the *Georgics* will not disappoint our expectations. Each of the four pieces displays the same exquisite ability, mingled with that grace by which the writings of Virgil are uniformly characterized. The work corresponds with the definition which critics have given of a *Georgic*—"a poetical composition upon the subject of husbandry, containing rules therein put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry."

The word *GEORGIC* is derived from two Greek words, signifying *the cultivation of the earth*. It is, therefore, very appropriately applied to characterize this species of composition. Hesiod and Virgil are the two greatest masters in this kind of poetry. The moderns have produced nothing of this kind, except Rapin's book of Gardening, and the celebrated poem, entitled *Cyder*, by Mr. Philips, who, it is said, if he had enjoyed the advantage of Virgil's language, would have been in a much nearer degree second to Virgil. But we must now proceed to point out a few beauties of the *Georgics*; we must be sparing in our selection, not wishing to trespass on the patience of our readers.

In the first *Georgic* the signs of the weather are strikingly pourtrayed. About one hundred and five verses are employed on this curious subject. It is remarkable also, that they contain no fewer than forty-three different prognostics, described with admirable elegance and brevity.

Thus the signs of rough weather are happily delineated :

When winds are rising, strait the tossing sea
 Begins to swell; or a dry crashing noise
 Is in the mountains heard; or more confus'd
 The distant shores, and murm'ring woods resound,
 With difficulty then the billows spare
 The crooked ships; when flying nearer land
 The swift-wing'd cormorants forsake the deep,
 And send their screams before them to the beach.
 And when the sea-gulls sport upon the sand;
 And when, deserting her accustom'd ponds,
 The tow'ring hern soars high above the clouds.
 Oft too, when wind impends, you shall behold
 Stars glide from heav'n; long streaks of fire, behind,
 Stream through nocturnal shades; light chaff, and leaves
 Fall'n from the trees, in eddies whirl around;
 Or feathers on the water's surface play.

But from the quarter of the boist'rous north
 When lightnings flash; and from the east and west

The

The grumbling thunder rolls: then all with rain
 The country swims; and floods in ditches swell:
 Then ev'ry mariner, sea-faring, furls
 His humid sails: none e'er have aught, unwarn'd,
 Suffer'd from show'rs. Or them aëreal cranes
 Fled, rising from the vales: or, tossing high
 Her head in air, the heifer snuff'd the storm
 In her broad nostrils: or with flutt'ring wings
 The prattling swallow skim'd the liquid lakes:
 Or frogs in mud their ancient plaints renew'd.
 Oft from her secret cell the painful ant,
 Marking a narrow path, brings forth her eggs:
 The show'ry bow drinks deep: and flocks of crows
 With mingled clang their clatt'ring pinions shake,
 Return'd from feeding. Now the various birds,
 Which haunt the sea, and those which range around
 Asia's soft meads, and lov'd Cäyster's lakes,
 You shall behold in emulation tofs
 Large water on their wings, now plunge their heads
 Beneath the waves, now run into the stream,
 And, sporting, strive to wash their plumes in vain.
 Th' unlucky raven with full throat invites
 The rain; and in her solitary walk
 Alone expatiates on the harden'd sand.
 Nor do the damsels, who industrious ply
 Their nightly spinning, not foreknow these storms:
 When in their portherd-lamp they see the oil
 Sputter in sparks, and fungous clots adhere.

The signs of fine weather are then sketched with equal fidelity. But we must not transcribe it, it would exceed our limits; we refer the reader to the work itself for further gratification.

In the second Georgic the *felicity of a country life* is thus finely depicted; it indicates a mind deeply smitten with the beauties of nature.

O! more than fortunate, did they but know
 Their happiness, the country village swains!
 For whom, at distance from discordant arms,
 The earth, just parent, pours forth easy food.

What

What tho' with them no palace, rais'd to heav'n,
 From its proud portals vomits out a tide
 Of morning-visitants? Nor do they gape
 For luxury of buildings; pillars grac'd
 With spoils of tortoises, in various hue;
 For broider'd garments; and Corinthian bras?
 Tho' their white wool imbibes no Syrian teint;
 Nor cinnamon corrupts their use of oil?
 Yet safe repose, sincerity of life,
 Riches of various kinds, large farms, and ease,
 Lowing of herds, and grots, and living lakes,
 Cool vallies, and sweet sleep beneath the shades,
 They want not. Lawns are there, and haunts of beasts;
 Youth patient of fatigue, and train'd to live
 On little; rites divine, and holy fires:
 When justice left the world, she left them last.
 Me may the muses, whose vow'd priest I am,
 Smit with strong passion for their sacred song,
 Dear above all to me, accept; and teach
 The heav'nly roads, the motions of the stars;
 The sun's defects, the labours of the moon;
 Whence tremor to the earth; by what impulse
 The sea swells high, and ebbing back retires;
 Why suns in winter haste so swift to tinge
 Themselves in ocean; and what cause retards
 The sluggish nights. But if the colder blood
 About my heart forbid me to approach
 So near to nature; may the rural fields,
 And streams, which murm'ring glide along the vales,
 Delight me: groves, and rivers may I love,
 Obscure, inglorious.

In the third Eclogue, which treats on cattle, we find
 the following advice respecting that noble animal the
horse, in great esteem among all civilized nations.

The colt of gen'rous blood with lofty port
 Prances, and nimbly shifts his pliant limbs:
 Forward, the first, to range abroad, to tempt
 The threat'ning streams, and unknown bridges pass;
 Nor dreads he empty noises. High his neck,
 His head acute, his belly thin, his back

Fleshy,

Fleshy, and round : his chest with swelling knots
 Luxuriant : (best for colour is the bay,
 And dappled ; worst, the sorrel, and the white :)
 Then if the clank of distant arms is heard ;
 He paws impatient, quickens his sharp ears,
 And quivers ev'ry joint, and snorting curbs
 The smoke and fire which in his nostrils roll.
 His full thick main on his right shoulder plays ;
 A double spinal bone his chine divides ;
 His sounding hoof with solid horn upturns
 The crumbling mold, and rings against the ground.
 Such was fam'd Cyllarus, by Pollux rein'd ;
 And such the steeds of Mars, by Grecian bards
 Immortal made ; and those which drew the car
 Of great Achilles. Such a courser's form
 Saturn, his jealous consort to deceive,
 Flying, assum'd ; when on his neck he toss'd
 His waving main, and neigh'd thro' Pelion's groves.

When weaken'd by disease, or years, he fails,
 Indulge him, hous'd ; and, mindful of the past,
 Excuse his not dishonourable age.
 The senior, frigid to the pleasing fight,
 Like fire in stubble, void of vigour burns ;
 And impotently rages. Thus forewarn'd,
 Mark thou their age, and genius : next to these
 Their other arts, their lineage ; and how each
 Exults, when victor, and, when vanquish'd, mourns.

In the fourth and last Georgic, where, with an interesting minuteness the economy of the bees is discussed, we meet with a variety of beautiful passages. With respect to these little industrious animals, the following specimen will gratify the reader.

They toil together, and together rest :
 With the first morn they issue from their gates ;
 Again, when Vesper warns them to return
 From feeding, and the fields ; they homewards bend,
 Refresh their bodies, and with murm'ring noise
 Hum round the sides, and entrance of their hives :
 At length in silence hush'd all night repose ;
 And their own sleep relieves their weary limbs.

While

While rain impends, or winds begin to rise,
 They rove not far from home, nor trust the sky :
 But drink, secure, beneath their city's walls ;
 And short excursions try ; and oft with sand
 Ballast themselves, like ships on tossing waves,
 And poise their bodies thro' the void of air.

This Georgic concludes with the well-known story of the musician, Orpheus, and his wife Eurydice. After her affecting address to her husband, Virgil thus feelingly proceeds :

She said ; and from his sight, like smoke dispers'd
 Thro' the thin air, flew diverse ; nor by him,
 Grasping at shades in vain, and thousand things
 To say desiring, was e'er after seen :
 Nor would the ferryman of hell permit
 That he again should pass the dreary stream.
 What he should do ; his love twice snatch'd away ?
 Or whither turn him ? with what tears, what songs,
 Should he attempt to move th' infernal pow'rs ?
 She, shiv'ring, in the Stygian sculler sail'd :
 He, sev'n whole months, 'tis said, beneath a bleak
 Aërial cliff, on Strymon's desert bank,
 Wept lonesome ; and in freezing caves revolv'd
 This mournful tale ; while crowding oaks admir'd
 His lays, and tygers soften'd at the sound.

As when, complaining in melodious groans,
 Sweet Philomel, beneath a poplar shade,
 Mourns her lost young ; which some rough village-
 hind

Observing, from their nest, unfledg'd, has stole :
 She weeps all night ; and, perch'd upon a bough,
 With plaintive notes repeated fills the grove !

After these ample specimens of Virgil's Georgics, we believe that every reader of taste will join with us in admiring these superior compositions.

Having now given in our miscellany a sketch of the whole of Virgil's works, consisting of his *Æneid*, his *Eclogues*, and his *Georgics*, we close with a curious letter,

ter, to be found in Mrs. Dobson's Life of Petrarch. It was written by Petrarch himself, an Italian, who lived at the dawn of modern literature, and, therefore, was enamoured of polite learning. It shews the high estimation in which he held the Mantuan muse, and may be reckoned a fine flight of the imagination.

Petrarch was at Mantua. He went to see that little village famous for the birth of Virgil, it is only a small league from that city. It was formerly called Andes, its present name is Pietola. On this spot his fancy kindled, and he wrote the following lines to VIRGIL :

"Great poet ! the honour of Rome, the fruitful hope of the muse ! tell me where you are at present ? In what part of Avernus are you enclosed ? or are you not rather on Parnassus with Apollo and the Nine, who enchant you with their concerts ? perhaps you are walking in the woods, or in the Elysian fields with Homer, whom you so much resemble, with Orpheus, and the other poets of the first rank. I except Lucan and Lucretius, and all those who, like them, put an end to their own lives. I wanted to know the life you lead ; wherein your dreams differed from truth, and where is the ivory door through which you caused Æneas to pass on his return from hell. I willingly believe that you inhabit that region of heaven allotted to happy souls.

"If any mortal shade is admitted to your celestial mansions, mine shall attend you there, and inform you what passes in the place dear to you and the fate of your works. Mantua, whose glory you are, has been agitated by the troubles of its neighbours. Defended by princes full of valour, she has refused to come under a strange yoke, and will only be governed by her children. It is there I write these lines, in a *solitary place near your tomb*. I seek with ardour the rocks to which you retired, the meadows, where you walked on the banks of the Mincio ; the trees, under which you sought a cooling shade ; the woods, which were your asylum against the heat ; and the green banks, where you were seated

at

at the foot of your river. All these things retrace your image. The unfortunate city of Naples, honoured with your ashes, groans for the loss of King Robert. In one day it was deprived of the felicity of years. Enquire not the fate of Rome ! alas ! it is better to be ignorant of it. Learn rather the success of your productions : old Tityrus* charms every one with the soft sounds of his pipe : nothing can be more beautiful than the cultivated fields of your Georgics : your *Æneid* is known through the world : it is sung, it is delighted in every where : how much are we obliged to Augustus, who saved it from those flames to which you had condemned it !

“ Adieu ! you will be always dear to me. Present my salutations to Homer and Hesiod ! ”

PORTRAIT OF MONTESQUIEU.

BY HIMSELF.

[From the Courier.]

A PERSON of my acquaintance said—I am about to do a very foolish thing—I am about to sketch my own portrait. I know myself sufficiently for the undertaking.

I have scarce ever experienced chagrin, and scarce ever lassitude.

I am of so happy a temperament, that I have sensibility enough to receive all the pleasure which the objects that surround me can afford ; but not enough to be susceptible of all the mortification and sorrow they give to others.

I have ambition enough to take an active part in life ; but not so much as to be dissatisfied with the station in which fortune has placed me.

* The Eclogues.

When

When I discover any new source of pleasure, I am extremely moved; and am instantly surprised that I should have overlooked the object, or regarded it with indifference.

When I was a youth, I was always so fortunate as to persuade myself that the woman I loved was partial to me; and when I happened to be undeceived, to be instantaneously cured of my passion.

Literature is with me a never failing remedy for all the ills of life; nor did I ever know any chagrin which an hour's reading could not dissipate.

I awaken in the morning with a secret joy at seeing the dawn; I regard the light with a feeling approaching to extacy; and during the rest of the day I am happy. I pass the night without awaking, and am asleep the moment I lay down my head.

I am almost as well satisfied with the company of fools as of the wise; for I have not often met with men so dull as not to amuse me, and there are few things so diverting as some silly people are.

I make no scruple to entertain myself with secretly observing the characters of men, permitting them meanwhile to do the same with mine.

When I was a novice, I looked up to the great with veneration; experience soon changed my sentiments, with little exception, to the extreme of contempt.

I am not unwilling to flatter women, it is doing them a kindness at a cheap rate.

I have naturally a great anxiety for the prosperity and honour of my country, and very little for what is called its glory.

I always feel a secret pleasure when any regulation happens to be made for the public benefit.

Whenever I have resided in a foreign country, I have attached myself to it as my native land; my heart has shared in its fortunes, and I have longed to see it flourish.

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I have

I have thought I perceived talents where the world have formed a contrary opinion.

I am not sorry to pass for an absent man; I can thus with impunity indulge in a neglect of many little forms, to which otherwise I must have been a slave.

I love to visit where I can escape censure with my ordinary conversation and manners.

On visits, I am always charmed when I find one of the company take upon himself the trouble of being gay and entertaining. Such a one protects those who chuse to be silent.

Nothing diverts me more than to hear a man relating pretty stories with all their pretty circumstances. It is not the tale I attend to, but the ridiculous passion of the speaker. As to most talkers, indeed, I would rather gratify them with my praise than my attention.

I love my family sufficiently to provide every thing in my power for its welfare, but am not so foolish as to make myself a slave to the minute affairs of a house.

My name is neither great nor insignificant, having only two hundred years of proved nobility. I am, however, much attached to it, and am one who would be willing to make an entail*.

When I confide in any one, I have no reserves; but there are few in whom I am inclined to confide.

It has given me no high opinion of myself to perceive that there are very few offices in the state for which I am in reality qualified. As to my station as president of the parliament, I have a very upright mind, and I can readily enough discover what reason demands of me; but I am lost when I come to ask myself, What is the decision of the law! Yet I have been anxious to make myself master of the intricacies of form, and am the more angry with myself, because I see men with mean understandings acquire what I could never attain.

* It has been made,

In the treating of topics at all profound and difficult, I am obliged to reflect much as I proceed, to prevent my ideas from falling into confusion. If I perceive that I am listened to, the subject seems to vanish from me, or my thoughts rise in such hurry and disorder, that nothing is distinct. But when difficult points are discussed in conversation, where there are other speakers, I acquit myself infinitely better.

I never could see tears without sympathy.

I may be said to have a passion for friendship.

I am prone to forgive, because hatred is a troublesome companion. When my enemy wishes to be reconciled, he applies to my vanity, and I can no longer regard as an enemy one who does me the favour to give me a good opinion of myself.

When I am residing in the country, among my vassals, I never encourage unfavourable reports of any of them. If a tale-bearer would repeat something said to my disadvantage, I interrupt him with saying—I do not wish to encourage the danger of believing a false report, and would not give myself the trouble to hate a knave.

At the age of thirty-five I was still in love.

I can no more make visits with mercenary views, than I can accompany birds through the air.

In the bustle of public life, I felt as if I could not endure retirement. In retirement I forgot the world.

A man of eminent merit I can never bear to analyze; a man, who, with valuable qualities, does not rise above mediocrity, I analyze very carefully.

I believe I am the only writer who has not been smitten with the passion of being reputed a wit; and my intimate friends know that in conversation I never affect it, but have sense enough to use the language of those with whom I associate.

I have often had the misfortune to be disgusted with persons whose good will I had earnestly sought.

I never lost but one friend through any misunderstanding;

standing; and I have lived with my children as with friends.

It has been a principle of my whole life, never to do, by the agency of others, what I could do for myself; and hence I have improved my fortune by means within my own reach—moderation and economy, unmingled with foreign aid, which is always mean or unjust.

When I have seen a company expect to find me excel in conversation, I have been more than usually unsuccessful. I would rather be present with men of talents to enliven my understanding, than with fools to applaud my sayings.

The persons I most despise are—the minor wits, and men of high station without probity.

I never write a pasquinade; I have committed mistakes enough, but never was guilty of ill-will to any one.

I never was prodigal in my expences, yet I am not avaricious, and I know of no enterprize that I would at any time have undertaken to amass riches.

It has been very prejudicial to my affairs, that I could never forbear to despise those I could not esteem.

I believe I have not neglected to increase my property. I have greatly improved my estates; but I have done this rather on account of an idea of my own skill, which the ameliorations I made excited, than from any desire of becoming more rich.

On my entering into life, I was spoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me favourable reception; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved perhaps that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications. The great, inwardly wounded with a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general, he can only patiently endure the fame of others, who deserves fame himself.

I do not think I ever expended four pounds for the
fake

fake of shew, or made one visit for the sake of interest. In what I undertake I employ no trick; and am less anxious for the success of my enterprize, than for the discharge of my duty in it.

Had I been born in England I never could have been satisfied unless I made a fortune; but I am not sorry that I have not made one in France.

I confess that I have too much vanity to wish that my children should make a great fortune; it would then be only by an effort of reason that they could support the recollection of me: it would require all their virtue to enable them to acknowledge me: they would regard my tomb as the monument of their shame. I believe they would not destroy it with their own hands, but they would not build it up if it were overthrown. I should be a stumbling block to their flattery, which would embarrass them twenty times a day. My memory would be troublesome, and my unfortunate shade would constantly torment the living.

Timidity has been the bane of my life; it seems to affect even the organs of my body, and my intellect; to arrest my tongue, cast a cloud over my thoughts, and confound my language. I am less subject to this humiliation before men of sense than fools, because I trust to their perceiving the train of my ideas. I have, however, been always less subject to this kind of self-humiliation, when in the presence of men of talents, than when in the company of fools. The former I have hoped would understand me, and that gave me confidence: on such occasions my mind has, as it were, made an effort, and I have acquitted myself very well. When I was in the room where the Emperor dined at Luxembourg, Prince Kinski said to me—"You, sir, who came from France must be very much astonished to see the Emperor so badly lodged." I replied—"I am not sorry, sir, to see a country where the subjects are better lodged than their master." Being in Piedmont, the King of Sardinia said to me—"You are

the relation of the Abbé de Montesquieu, whom I have seen here with the Abbé d'Estrades." "Sire," answered I, "your majesty resembles Cæsar, who never forgot a name." Dining one day at the Duke of Richmond's in England, M. de la Boine, who was a fool, though then the envoy from France to Great Britain, maintained that England was not larger than Guienne. I contradicted him. In the evening the Queen said to me, "I am informed that you defended us against M. de la Boine."—My answer was—"Madame, I never could imagine that the country which you govern was not a great nation."

I have had the malady of making books, and of being ashamed of them after I made them.

I never was desirous of making my fortune at court; but I have wished to make it by increasing the value of my estates, and thus deriving my prosperity immediately from the gods. N——, who had certain ends in view, once hinted to me that I might have a pension. I informed him that I had not been guilty of any meanness, and therefore did not require any favours to console me.

I am a good citizen, but I would have been the same in whatever country I had been born. I am a good citizen, because I am always content with the situation in which I am placed—because I am satisfied with my fortune, and have not blushed for the manner in which I acquired it, nor envied that of others. I am a good citizen, because I love the government under which I live without fearing it, and because I expect no other favour than that inestimable blessing which I have in common with all my countrymen. I thank heaven for having placed me in every respect in a state of mediocrity, in consequence of which a spirit of moderation has been infused into my soul.

If I may be allowed to predict the fate of my work*,

* The Spirit of Laws.

I would

I would say that it will be more praised than read: a pleasure may result from reading books of that kind, but they will never be resorted to by those who look only for amusement. I had conceived the design of enlarging and improving some parts of my *Esprit*; but I feel that I am now unfit for the task. Reading has weakened my eyes, and it seems that what still remains to me of light as only the Aurora of that day in which those eyes shall for ever be closed.

If I knew of any enterprize that would do myself a service at the expence of my family, I would reject it; if it were one that would advance the fortune of my house to the injury of my country, I would endeavour to forget it; if it were something that would be useful to my country, but inconsistent with the interests of Europe or the human race, I should regard the prosecution of it as a crime.

My ambition is—to be simple in my manners; to receive as few favours as possible; and to grant as many as possible.

I never loved to enjoy the ridicule of others. I have found little to object to in the understanding of men in general. I have almost always loved their heads and hated their hearts.

I would rather suffer by the sensibility of my heart, than by the errors of my judgment.

I have done a very foolish thing. I have written my genealogy.

THE
FUTURE HISTORY OF THIS GLOBE.

[From Dr. Thomas Burnet's famous Theory of the Earth*.]

By the Author of the Illustrations of Prophecy.

WHEN the existing state of society terminates, and the prophecies relative to the kings of the earth, are about to receive their complete fulfilment; when Antichrist receives his final overthrow, and Satan is divested of the power of executing any farther plans of mischief—the period for *burning of the globe* will arrive! The great agents of nature will combine to prepare the way for this great catastrophe. The work of destruction will not be difficult, nor is the mode by which it will be accomplished altogether inexplicable. The earth is furnished with abundant stores of nitre and sulphur, and with all the materials of the volcano and the earthquake. The antediluvian earth was regular and close in all its parts, without caverns and without mountains. But that which we inherit contains the ruins only of what it once was; and these ruins which at the memorable period of the deluge were recovered from the water when the earth's exterior covering fell into the central abyfs, are not only unequal at their surface, but within also are hollow, loose, and incompact. Innumerable, therefore, are its outlets; and it is, in most places, capable of ventilation and pervious to fire. Previously also to the general conflagration, there will, it may be

* This celebrated work was published last century, and admired for the extraordinary flights of imagination with which it abounded. With Addison it was a very favourite work; and it is said that even Charles the Second read it with attention. It was at the time considered to be in prose what Milton's Paradise Lost is now in poetry.

expected,

expected, long be a cloudless sky and a heated air, in consequence of which the springs and rivulets will be dried up, the ground will be overspread with fissures, the grass and the turf, the shrub and the forest, will be easily convertible into fuel, and the oily parts of bodies, together with the scattered portions of fire which lie imprisoned in many hard substances, will undergo the process of separation, and in a great degree be set afloat.

At this period, and antecedently to the commencement of the millenium, Christ will descend upon earth, the lustre of the sun being veiled, and the heavens involved in gloom. On his approach the summits of the mountains will smoke, the earth will shake, the sea will retire within its deepest recesses, the clouds will be the seat of thunder and pointed lightnings; the air will gleam with the coruscations of innumerable meteors, and from the number, magnitude, or proximity of the comets which will be visible, the higher regions of the sky will assume a new and terrific aspect. When our Saviour, sitting in a flaming chariot, and surrounded by an infinite host of angels and arch-angels draws near to the earth, its inhabitants will see, will tremble, will be astonished!

On an appointed signal the destroying and the tutelary angels execute their instructions. To the care of the latter there is reason to hope will be intrusted virtuous manhood and upright old age, the feebleness of infancy, and the innocence of childhood. The treasuries, of fire, in earth and in heaven are opened, and shortly the saddest spectacles which eye can behold, present themselves on every side. The cities of the earth are in one universal blaze. Innumerable millions of either sex, and of every rank, sink under the agonies of death in its most frightful forms. Rivers of sulphur rush into the sea, and encounter the fury of its waters; wreaths of fire and pillars of smoke are everywhere combined; hills are hurled into the air, and ten thousand volcanoes at once discharge their flames. By the
force

force of one element all the works of art, all the labours of man, all the varieties of nature are annihilated. Whatever was distinguished by utility or by elegance, or by magnificence, is obliterated. Where are now the powerful empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Where do their pillars and their trophies stand; or where is the proud inscription or the victor's name? Fire is a cruel enemy who makes no distinction. Rome itself, *eternal* Rome, the empress of the world, whose dominion in ancient and modern times, constitutes an ample portion of its history, is overthrown and utterly subverted, notwithstanding the depth of her foundations and the strength of her palaces. The conflagration at length reaches beyond the external shell of the earth and grows more intense. The rocks and loftiest mountains which have sustained the artillery of heaven for so many ages, are torn from their foundations. *Here* stood the Alps, a prodigious range of rugged mountains, which extended their arms from the shores of the ocean to the banks of the Black Sea. Now this mighty mass of stone is loosened and melts away, as a tender cloud softens into rain. *Here* stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his head above the clouds. *There* was frozen Caucasus and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And *yonder*, towards the north stood the Riphæan Hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished like the snow upon their summits and swallowed up. The sea itself is gradually consumed, and the whole exterior frame of the earth is dissolved in a deluge of fire. But whilst all the solid parts near the surface are thus reduced into a glittering orb of fluid fire, the lighter and more volatile, such as smoke, watery vapour, and the earthy particles, which the power of heat is capable of supporting, will float in the agitated air, and constitute a thick region of darkness, encompassing the flaming globe!

During the space of some years it will remain a dreadful spectacle to the neighbouring planets; an awful

ful monument of the divine wrath against disloyal and and disobedient creatures.—At length, however, the flames will be extinguished.—At length the surrounding darkness will be dispelled. For when the force of fire ceases to operate, the particles of earth, and air, and water, which fill the surrounding chaos, will, according to their different degrees of gravity, successively descend and arrange themselves on the smooth surface of the liquified world. As accessions are thus perpetually made to it from all the heights and regions of the air, it will become by degrees firm and immoveable—will be able to support itself, and a new race of inhabitants, and being possessed of all the principles of a fruitful soil, as well for the production of animals as of plants, will want no property belonging to an habitable earth. The *new orb* will be level and regular, and as the ocean will be shut up in its centre—its surface will be alike destitute of mountains and of seas.

Nor will it long remain without inhabitants; for the virtuous of mankind, and the martyrs of Jesus, and among others, the patriarchs, the prophets, and the apostles, will rise from the dead, and exclusively enjoy the privileges of a prior resurrection. The face of nature will be eminently beautiful, and the earth will be endowed with a spontaneous fertility. The axis of the globe will be parallel to the axis of the ecliptic, and there will be perpetual serenity and a perpetual spring, free from the vicissitudes of the seasons and the inconveniences of heat and of cold. The newly created animals will be mild and tractable. The lamb and the kid will associate on terms of familiar intimacy with the wolf, the lion, and the leopard, who will retain no thirst for blood, no fondness for prey. The sons of the first resurrection will possess bodies similar in shape to those which they had in their former life, but they will be superior to the attacks of disease. The new creation will be enlightened by the divine presence in an extraordinary manner. All evil will be extirpated—All mischievous passions

passions will be extinguished. There will be no marriage, and as infants will not be born, no part of their time will be occupied in the nursing of children or in the education of youth. As they will be elevated to a life of uninterrupted freedom and joyful inactivity; day will glide after day, and year will succeed after year, in the alternate fruition of the impassioned transports of devotion, and the calmer pleasures of contemplation.

After having thus enjoyed a *thousand years* of the highest terrestrial felicity, the glories of a celestial world will dawn upon them, and they will be transported through the sky to meet our Saviour in the clouds, when he comes to visit the earth a third time, at the period of the final resurrection and the general judgment.

J. EVANS.

Hoxton Square,
May 1799.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

RELATIVE TO

WALES.

[From a Collection of Welsh Tours.]

PLINY, in his Natural History, says, that a small time after the Romans had carried their arms through the island, they began to apply themselves to working the mines: at first the lead ore was got with ease, as it lay near the surface. In Pliny's time, who died A. D. 79, there was a law limiting the annual produce, as even now, with regard to black lead. The extraordinary discoveries that have been made at different periods appear, from the testimony of ancient historians, to be founded more in chance or accident than any particular gift of genius.

Justin tells us, that the gold mines of *Galicia* were discovered by the plough; and Strabo asserts, that those
of

of India owed their discovery to pismires, who, by their common industry, raised the earth into a hillock. Trivial accidents have been the effect of vast mineral discoveries. The great mine at Halkin, belonging to Earl Grosvenor, was discovered by ditching; whilst that at Llangynnog first obtained notice by the step of a woman ascending a hill, and baring the vein with her feet.

The ancient method of mining, in many respects, agrees with the present. The persons so employed worked by turns, alternately relieving each other. They worked night and day, by the aid of lamps, and drove levels and sunk shafts, propping the ground as they advanced. When the ore was got, it was cleansed, according to the method now used, and smelted in a furnace; and afterwards cast into forms somewhat resembling the common pigs of lead.

We are told by Mr. Pennant, that the British name of lead is lost: that we now use is derived from the Saxon. Borlase observes, as soon as the Romans had made a conquest of the country, they formed in the tin province, camps and roads, still visible, and left behind them vases, urns, and money; that evince them to have been a stationary people in the island.

Pliny, likewise adds, that the Romans made mirrors of tin, and lined the vessels of brass with it, to prevent any deadly effect.

Strabo, in lib. 4, observes, that gold and silver were enumerated among the products of Great Britain. The Romans were apprized of this; and with our other valuable metals it no doubt proved an incentive to their ambition to effect the conquest.

Agricola, previous to the battle of Gampian Mountain, in his oration to his soldiers, excited them to victory, by reminding them of the riches that would await the reward of valour.

In the reigns of James IV. and V. great wealth was produced in the *lead hills*, from the gold collected from

the sand washed from the mountain ; and in the reign of the latter it produced not less than 300l. sterling ; at this period no inconsiderable sum.

The art of coining was, no doubt, in use previous to the arrival of the Romans ; witness the gold sickles of the Druids, and the coins found in Cornwall. Different sorts of metal were used, but chiefly gold, being the easiest fused, and most susceptible of an impression.

Dr. Borlase has preserved a series of these rude but valuable coins.—Previous to the Romans having attempted to form a face or impression on their coins, the first we know of which was inscribed, is that of *Cassivelaunus*, cotemporary with Cæsar. As soon as an intercourse took place between the Britons and the Romans, they began to imitate them, by putting letters on their coins ; but no sooner was their conquest effected than their coin was suppressed.

Coals were a useful article, well known to the ancient Britons before the arrival of the Romans, who had not even a name for them.—Their use, agreeable to Theophrastus, was common three centuries before Cæsar, to the workers of brass. The vast coal-pits in the neighbourhood of Flint, Northop, and Mold, have before been noticed.—See tour to Chester.

Mr. Ray informs us, that in Flintshire there is a certain vegetable, rare in other places, which here grows in plenty on the mountains, and in May makes a pretty appearance, with its white flowers. However singular it may appear, it is not noticed by the celebrated botanist, Linnæus.

The *drinking horn*, so famed in Welsh story, is a large bugle, or horn of an ox, enriched with sculptured silver, and with a chain of the same metal. There were three species of them used in the royal court, and each was to be worth a pound.—See *Leges Wallicæ*.

To drink out of the royal cup at great entertainments was only a privilege of the officers of the palace. On all

all festive days, the horn was emptied at one tip, and then blown, to show there was not any deceit.

The jovial horn was a subject of much wit and poetry in those days.

The bard, *Owen Cyveiliog*, has celebrated it in a poem composed immediately after a great victory over the English in Maelor.

To show the spirit of *Welsh* poetry at so early a period, a few of the first stanzas, &c. are offered to the reader's notice: the translation was given by a person of considerable poetic talents.

ON THE DRINKING HORN.

Uprose the ruddy dawn of day:
The armies met in dread array
On *Maelor Drefred's* field;
Loud the British clarions sound,
The Saxons, gasping on the ground,
The bloody contest yield.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled,
From Owen's arm the coward fled
Aghast with wild affright;
Let then their haughty lords beware
How Owen's just revenge they dare,
And tremble at his fight.

Fill the *Hirlas horn*, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
That warble Owen's praise;
Whose walls with warlike spoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung,
In *Cambria's* peaceful days.

This hour we dedicate to joy;
Then fill the *Hirlas horn*, my boy,
That shineth like the sea;
Whose azure handles, tipp'd with gold,
Invite the grasp of Britons bold,
The sons of liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,
 Mead with noblest deeds inspire;
 Now the battle's lost and won,
 Give the horn to *Gronwy's* son;
 Put it into *Gwgan's* hand,
 Bulwark of his native land,
 Guardian of *Sabrina's* flood,
 Who oft has dy'd his spear in blood:
 When they hear their chieftain's voice,
 Then his gallant friends rejoice;
 But when to fight he goes no more,
 The festal shout resounds on *Severn's* winding
 shore.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
 Fill it up, my boy, be quicker.
 Hence, away, despair and sorrow;
 Time enough to sigh to-morrow:
 Let the brimming goblet smile,
 And *Ednyfed's* cares beguile.
 Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,
 Master of the broken spear,
 And the harrow-pierced shield,
 Brought with honour from the field.
 Hadst thou seen, in *Maelor* fight,
 How we put the foe to flight;
 Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms,
 When the foe rush'd on in swarms;
 Round about their prince they stood,
 And stain'd their swords with hostile blood;
 Glorious bulwarks to their praise,
 Their prince devotes his latest days.
 Now, my boy, thy task is o'er,
 Thou shalt fill the horn no more.
 Long may the King of kings protect
 And crown with bliss my friends elect;
 Where liberty and truth reside,
 And virtue, truth's immortal bride,
 There may we all together meet,
 And former times renew in heavenly converse
 sweet.

It may be some matter of curiosity to notice the celebrated heroine *Ethelfleda*, so frequently mentioned in the Mercian history. She flourished, A.D. 907, and was the undegenerate daughter of the great *Alfred*, and the wife of *Ethelred* Earl of Mercia, under his brother-in-law *Edward*, King of England. On the birth of her first child, she separated from her husband, and devoted herself to deeds of arms. She lived upon the best terms with him, and they both united in all acts of piety and munificence, restored cities, founded abbeys, &c.

After the death of her husband, A.D. 912, she assumed the government of the Mercian earldom, and, like an Amazon of old, took the command of the army. She became so celebrated for her valour, that she had the dignified names of lord and king given her.

She built no less than nine castles; she took *Brecknock*, made its queen prisoner, and stormed *Derby*.

After a glorious course, she died at *Tamworth*, 922. —Her loss was much regretted by the whole kingdom.

We find left on record the following lines to her memory;

Ethelfleda, terror of mankind,
Nature, for ever unconfin'd,
Stamp't thee in woman's tender frame,
Though worthy of a hero's name:
Thee, thee alone, the muse shall sing,
Dread empress and victorious king;
E'en *Cæsar's* conquests were outdone
By thee, illustrious amazon!

Wales continued the refuge of the ancient Britons, when the Saxons had driven them out of England; and there they preserved the ancient blood royal of their kings, their laws, and ancient language, from the fury of their cruel enemy.

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There always continued an implacable hatred between the two nations; and though Egbert, king of the West Saxons, reduced the heptarchy to a monarchy, yet he and his successors received no obedience from the kings or princes of Wales; but they held their own native mountains and vallies as absolute monarchs.

Here Cadwallader, the last king of Britain, and his descendants, governed the people as their lawful kings and princes, during the whole time of the Saxon government.

When William the Conqueror subdued England, he dispossessed the Saxon issue of the crown, and brought in the Normans. When he had obtained quiet possession of the kingdom, the Welsh took no notice of his conquest over the Saxons, but considered it as a struggle between two nations.

Roderick the Great, who possessed all *Wales*, divided it between his three sons, long before the conquest: one governed the north, another the south, and the third Powys. These three princes would never acknowledge the Conqueror had any superiority over Wales; from whence cruel and bloody wars ensued, and they made daily incursions on each other.

The lords, at the conquest of the country, built castles for themselves and towns for their followers, in the most fertile parts. This accounts for the numerous castles in Wales, as may be seen in the ancient charters. There were towns before the conquest. They held their lordships of the kings of England in chief, and they were bound to keep their castles with sufficient men for the keeping the enemies of the king in subjection.

The government by lords marchers continued in Wales till Henry the Eighth, from which period the Welsh have been governed by the laws of England.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's
Calendar of Nature.

CALENDAR OF NATURE.

MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
Warm with new life, the glitt'ring throngs,
On quiv'ring fin and rust'ling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee goddess of the spring!

DARWIN.

1. FAVOURITE month of poetic description,
more so in southern climes. 2. Since the *new*
style too chill; blights and winds.

In a very elegant poem, entitled *The Tears of Old*
May Day, its rival, our present May Day, is thus
described:

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face
And opening charms, her rude embraces fear,
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of the unripen'd year?
With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles, proclaiming treacherous peace,
With blushes, harbouring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the spring's increase.

3. Latter part of the month beautiful, green grass,
young corn, trees in verdure, fragrant blossoms of the
hawthorn,

hawthorn, and orchards full of blossoms. 4. Liable to be cut off by blights. 5. Three kinds of blights.—1. In early spring a *dry frosty wind* from north or north-east; the other two affecting apple and pear trees, and corn.—2. Small insects incrusting the young stems, supposed to be conveyed by the wind, generally a north-east wind.—3. Preceded by a south or south-west wind, burning the leaves and shoots; loftiest suffer most, and youngest leaves, oak therefore bad. 6. Cold and windy, May favourable to the corn, wheat brought forward, run into stalk, ears thin. 7. Leafing of trees completed, beginning with willow, poplar, and alder—then lime, sycamore, and horse chesnut—then ends with oak, beech, ash, walnut, and mulberry. 8. *Wild flowers* numerous; cowslips—

———Whose bashful flowers
Declining, hide their beauty from the sun,
Nor give their spotted bosoms to the gaze
Of hasty passenger,

Germander, and yellow crowfoot, called butter cups. 9. Wrongly supposed to give a colour to the butter; cows will not touch them—should be extirpated. 10. Immature gooseberries and currants acceptable, preserved fruits exhausted. 11. Latest summer birds arrive; fern, owl, or goat-sucker, fly-catcher, and sedge bird. 12. Birds hatch and rear their young, affection of the male and female worthy of admiration. 13. Insects are now added; great white cabbage butterfly, May chaffer, horse-fly, moths and butterflies. 14. Beehives send forth their earlier swarms. One queen at the head of young and old ones; too numerous for their old habitation, and strong enough to provide for themselves. 15. Glow-worm shines, females without wings and luminous, males *vice versa*, the light therefore to direct the male, like the Hero of Sestos, to guide Leander. 16. Glow-worms extinguish their lamps between 11 and 12 at night. 17. Old May-day turn out cattle to pastures,

tures, milk becomes more copious; making cheese, Cheshire, Wiltshire, Gloucester. 18. Oak, beech, maple, sycamore, barberry, laburnum horse-chestnut, lilac, mountain-ash, and Guelder rose, *flower*; lily of the valley, wood-rose, male orchis, cuckoo flower. 19. Not a busy season to the farmer, little sowing, weeds to be plucked up. 20. The husbandman looks forward to the reward of his industry.

Be gracious, heav'n! for now laborious man
Has done his part.

THOMSON.

SCHOOL FOR PARENTS *.

RESUMED.

BY A. K. ISLEWORTH.

"It is not because novels treat of love that they are ridiculous, but because they treat of nothing: we must not ridicule a passion, which those who have never felt can never describe, and which those who laugh at never deserve to feel."

ANECDOTES OF JOHNSON.

SOME time after the demise of Lady Ormsby, Mr. Selby (whom our readers may recollect) had occasion to visit the metropolis. Ormsby manor was but a few miles out of his route, and he determined to avail himself of an opportunity that did not frequently offer of visiting his friends at that place. It was late in the evening of a beautiful summer day, when his chaise unexpectedly entered the baronet's yard. George saw him from a window, and eagerly advanced to meet him;

* For the former part of this entertaining and instructive little tale, the reader is referred to the Fifth Volume of THE VISITOR, the re-perusal of which, in conjunction with this addition, will gratify our readers. Ed.

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the smile of welcome played over his manly countenance, as he received the cordial salutation of the friend he loved. Surprise, however, suspended, for a moment, his powers of expression, when he saw Mr. Selby turn again to the chaise, saying at the same time, "I am not alone," and immediately a delicate elegant looking young woman appeared, that he had never before either seen or even heard mentioned. An idea instantly occurred that she was the wife of his friend; the tender and familiar manner in which he addressed her strengthened his opinion, and before their arrival at the mansion, which was but a few paces, the suspicion in his mind amounted to a certainty. *There*, however, he was undeceived, for the fair stranger was introduced to them as the sister of Mr. Selby. He learnt too, that she had resided with him for some time, and, that in consequence of declining health, he was now travelling with her to London, in search of better medical assistance than he could procure for her in the country.

Catherine Selby was not critically handsome, her complexion was languid, her features wanted regularity, yet so interesting was her *tout ensemble*, that no person of taste or sensibility could behold her without confessing that she possessed, in an eminent degree, those powers of attraction that mere beauty itself can never attain. The evening passed rapidly; former scenes were repeated, and to use a metaphor from Ossian,

"They renewed the days that were passed."

The next morning Mr. Selby proposed to continue his journey by easy stages, but this the Baronet positively opposed. George added entreaties, and applying to Catherine, asked if she did not think a few days repose necessary to recruit her strength, before she proceeded towards London? Catherine smiled at the earnestness of his address, and, after thanking him for his polite attention, she replied that she was not so ill as to ren-
der

der travelling inconvenient. "Then you cannot be in immediate want of medical assistance," cried sir James, "and so say no more about it, for stay *you shall*." The latter part of his speech was addressed to Mr. Selby, who perceived that his hospitable host was too much in earnest to be refused without offence. For several days their departure was, on various pretences, postponed; at length they departed for the capital, though not before sir James had made Mr. Selby promise that he would, on his return to Clayfield, again pass a few days at the manor.

After their departure George felt a lassitude and uneasiness that had never before assailed him. The idea of Catherine Selby was for ever present to his imagination; her placid smile, her agreeable conversation, happily free from pedantic knowledge or trifling insipidity, recurred in the midst of every occupation, and rendered irksome those amusements which before had given wings to time.—And if he for a moment lost sight of her attractions, the Baronet was sure to remind him of them, either by enumerating her perfections, or regretting the obscurity of her birth. On such occasions hope fled from the bosom of George Ormsby, and he reflected with sorrow that the prejudices of his father condemned him to despair. Yet, though he thought them erroneous, he strove not to combat them; for weighing the deep root which early opinions take in the human heart, he wisely supposed the prejudices of threescore years could not be easily eradicated; he, therefore, was condemned to suffer, but he suffered in silence.

In the meantime, perhaps, it may be agreeable to our readers to know something more of a woman who had so entirely subdued the before invulnerable heart of George. We shall, therefore, state, that Catherine was the youngest of a large family that had been, through the death of their parents, thrown at random on the world's wide stage! A female relation had taken her
into

into her family, and educated her liberally ; but being of a capricious and uneasy disposition herself, she made the poor orphan feel most severely the iron hand of authority. Catherine however bore, without repining, the petulance and ill-humour which was frequently poured upon her without provocation. Her state of dependance, and uncertain prospects, were frequent subjects of animadversion, intended, as her protectress asserted, to repress pride and teach her humility. Thus poor Catherine being obliged to contemplate the sombre colour of her fate, early acquired a melancholy cast of character. The vivacity attendant on youth, which when tempered with modesty and sweetness, is one of its greatest ornaments, was entirely subdued ; her spirits were broken by unmerited asperities, and her health, sinking beneath the weight of present ills and future uncertainties ; at length, after repeated indignities, she besought permission to seek for bread in some other situation. To this request her tormentor at length agreed, though not till she had again and again repeated all her former kindnesses to her, and magnified her humble wishes of providing for herself into the basest ingratitude for favours conferred. In the meantime Catherine, through the means of a lady who visited her relations, was recommended into the family of a widow lady, who was, through illness, incapacitated from attending to her own domestic concerns, where she acquitted herself with a sweetness and propriety that charmed all who had the happiness of knowing her. Mrs. Melville became sincerely attached to her, and endeavoured, by numberless little delicate attentions, to eradicate from her mind the painful ideas of servitude and dependance.

Under her protection the poor orphan first tasted serenity, her spirits recovered an even tenor, and her mind rapidly expanded. Four years of sweet domestic tranquillity flew, unperceived, away. At the end of
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that period her loved, her honoured friend, departed from this transitory state of being. Her fortune was not at her own disposal, or Catherine had been amply provided for; her charities had been so extensive as to leave her no means of amassing treasure; and indeed till she became acquainted with Catherine, she had neither motive or desire to save. A few trifling alterations were then made in her family, which enabled her, without lessening her benevolence, to lay by a little for her deserving favourite, with which she purchased for her a small annuity a little before her decease. This, with her clothes, was all she could bequeath her. Exactly at that melancholy period Mr. Selby succeeded to the fortune we have before spoken of, and Catherine, for whom he ever had the tenderest affection, was desired to take up her abode with him. To a proposal so agreeable she readily and gratefully acceded, and Mr. Selby became every day more convinced of her worth and devoted to her virtues. There was in their character the most perfect coincidence; regularity, philanthropy, and comfort, were diffused by the amiable Catherine around the dwelling of her brother, and, if happiness could have been persuaded to quit the spheres for an earthly habitation, she certainly would have fixed on the cottage at Clayfield.

(To be continued.)

**EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
AT
SOMERSET HOUSE.
FOR THE YEAR 1799.**

Tot nos præceptoribus, tot exemplis instruxit antiquitas, ut possit videri nulla sorte nascendi, ætas felicior quam nostra cui docendæ priores elaboraverunt *.

QUINTILIAN.

THIS is the *thirty-first* annual exhibition of paintings in the British metropolis, and the public seems, by no means, disposed to complain of satiety. We must regard this circumstance as a proof that Englishmen are ever ready to patronise merit; and, that with the serious occupations of life, they are inclined to mingle the entertainment arising from the contemplation of the fine arts. May this display of liberality and good sense continue to the latest generation!

In our survey of the present Exhibition, we shall preserve the usual order of historical productions, portraits, landscapes, views, miniatures, ludicrous, and sea pieces.

Of HISTORICAL PRODUCTIONS there are few; but some of them possess great merit. Among these may be reckoned *the Nativity of our Saviour—Abraham and his Son going to sacrifice, and St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland*, by WEST. *The friendly Reception of Captain Wilson, of the Ship Duff, and the Persons sent out by the London Missionary Society at Otahete, and the Ceremony of the formal Grant of the District of Matavia for their Use, in the Presence of the King, Queen, and Chiefs of that Island, March 16th, 1797*, by

* Antiquity hath taught us, by so many masters, and by so many examples, that no age seems to be more successful in the production of beauties than ours; for the instruction of which former ages have exerted themselves.

SMIRKE,

SMIRKE, is a pleasing picture, though it does not greatly strike the attention. The *Prodigal Son returning to his Father*, by RIGAUD, shews strongly the emotions of contrition. Three other scripture pieces should not pass unnoticed, *Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai*, by HAMILTON—*Rebecca at the Well, receiving the Bracelets from Abraham's Servant*, by WOODFORD, and *John Preaching in the Wilderuess*. In this last piece the artist, by some unaccountable mistake, has forgotten the *leathern girdle* which John wore round his loins.

The Bible is an inexhaustible source of instruction, and we are glad to find painters availing themselves of the ample scope which is there given for the display of their talents. We must conclude this short sketch of historical productions, by mentioning *Guiscard, as he is led to Execution, taking leave of his Father*, from the *Father's Revenge*, a Tragedy, by the Earl of Carlisle, by WESTALL. It is an animated piece, and the emotions expressed by the features of the father and son, affect the feeling heart.

Of PORTRAITS there is an abundance of every description. There is, however, little interest in the contemplation of them, except they are characters of celebrity. Some of the present portraits are well executed. We particularly recognized *Mr. Kemble, Dr. Thornton, Mr. Holcroft, the Archbishop of York, Mr. Dundas, Monsieur Maillet Du Pan, Mr. Gurney, and the Duke of Rutland*. The expression of a fine human countenance is highly pleasing, and never fails to be gazed at with pleasure. In a small compass it combines almost every beauty that can charm the imagination. It is an epitome of intellectual excellence, which excites an enthusiastic admiration.

We could not help also noticing an extraordinary portrait by Sir G. Beaumont, of *Elizabeth Woods, of Greeting Hills, Suffolk*, born of respectable parents, in the year 1710, and now living. The catalogue informs

us that this singular character having been, by degrees, deprived of the greatest part of her house, rather than quit possession, persevered in residing, with her two daughters, in the remaining ruins, an open chimney and an oven, that served them as their store-room and wardrobe, having nothing to defend themselves from the weather, in a high and bleak situation, but a screen of bushes, which they shifted according to the direction of the wind. Here they lived 16 years. At the time the sketch was made, the humanity of the neighbourhood had added a slight shed, and they are, at present, protected from the inclemency of the weather.

The LANDSCAPES are numerous, and many of them taken from scenes in Wales—a country distinguished for its romantic scenery. The frequency of travelling, accounts for the quantity of this species of paintings. The beauties of nature are scattered through our island with an unsparing hand; and the pencil, with a commendable industry, transfers these fairy scenes into our domestic habitations. *A Wood Scene—Mid-day—Moonlight—a Landscape, with a Farm House—View of Skiddaw, from the Head of Derwent Water—Beth Kellert, North Wales, and Abergavenny Bridge, clearing up after a Showery Day*, are pieces of merit, which caught our attention. Others there were, and not a few, which deserve critical consideration. The landscapes indeed, in general, were executed with taste and ability. We beheld them with pleasure, and wished ourselves on the spot where we might have seen with our own eyes the glorious reality.

Of the VIEWS there were several which interested the attention. *A distant Hail Storm coming on, and the March of Soldiers with their Baggage—A View from the Isle of Dogs—View from Nature—Brexham Ferry, Rosshire—a Forest Scene in Hindostan, and a View on the Wye, between Ross and Monmouth*, together with a few others, are deserving of praise. Here, also, may be introduced

introduced some moral and affecting pieces of exquisite merit, particularly the *Tired Soldier*, by OPIE, of which too much cannot be said in its commendation. *A Visit and Contributions to the Sailor's Orphans*, is beautifully imagined and executed; *Minerva resuming her proper Form, and giving her last Instructions to Telemachus*, is a pleasing excursion of fancy; whilst *Morning*, from Dr. Langhorne's *Visions of Fancy*, is accompanied by these expressive lines:

Life's morning landscape, gilt with orient light,
Where hope, and joy, and fancy hold their reign,
The groves green wave, the blue stream spark'ling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain;

In radiant colours youth's free hand pourtrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye,
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gath'ring o'er the sky—
Mirror of life thy glories thus depart!

Of representations belonging to nature we mention *fruit*, by Mr. HEWLETT, sketched with inimitable beauty, even the transparent drops of water appear trembling on the leaves, and, like our first parents, we were almost inclined to *pluck and eat* of the repast laid before us. Dr. THORNTON's *Botanical Plates* are of a very superior kind. They are designed to enrich a work of the utmost consequence in the department of medicine, and in the republic of letters. The production, we have reason to believe, will reflect an honour on the British nation.

The MINATURES made a beautiful appearance, though of very unequal merit. There is, in this kind of painting, a fineness which is gratifying to the eye, for with the delicacy of the pencil we are delighted. The frame, containing the portraits of Mr. Markland, Mr. Satterwaite, Mr. J. Curtis, Mrs. Lloyd, and Mr. James, by HAZLITT, afforded a very favourable specimen of that artist's talents.

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Among the LUDICROUS pieces we observed, with most pleasure, *the Ceremony of Beard Washing, performing upon Don Quixote, at the Table of the Duke*, by SMIRKE, and *Mrs. Peachum fainting at the Idea of her Daughter marrying for Love, Beggar's Opera*, by SMIRKE. *Munden in the Character of Arden, and Fawcett in the Character of Dr. Pangloss, in the Heir at Law*, are humorous representations of originals, which excite our risibility.

Of the SEA PIECES, the principal were those which exhibited, with a terrific grandeur, the ever memorable battle of the Nile. The two first pieces of this kind are by POCOCK, entitled, *A View of the French Line of Battle, in the Bay of Bequieres, with the Approach of the British Squadron, under Rear Admiral Lord Nelson, to the Attack, on the Evening of the glorious 1st of August, 1798, and a View of the Position of the Two Fleets, taken from the Van of the French Line, in action at Half past Nine o'Clock at Night, Le Guerriere, Le Conquerant, and Spartiate, dismasted; the L'Orient on Fire, August 1st, 1798.* The next—*The Battle of the Nile*, by CLEVELY; and also, by the same hand, *The Destruction of the French Fleet off the Nile*, are, as well as the former, possessed of merit. We have, also, another exhibition of this terrific scene, by TURNER, being *The Battle of the Nile at Ten o'Clock, when the L'Orient blew up, from the Station of the Gun Boats between the Battery and Castle of Aboukir.* In all these five paintings, except the first of them, *the L'Orient on Fire*, makes a conspicuous figure, and is encircled with all the tremendous horrors of an explosion:

———Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke all heav'n appear'd.
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their dev'lish glut-chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes.

MILTON.

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We observed with pleasure, *The Elevation of a very elegant new Cast-Iron Bridge, proposed to be erected over the River Thames, from the Strand, in the Vicinity of the Adelphi, to Lambeth—Sketch of a Naval Triumphal Arch—Design for the Improvement of the Port of London, and the principal Part of a Monument for the late S. Whitbread, Esq. Religion supporting his Head, and Benevolence weeping at his Feet.* This last is a very appropriate token of respect to an excellent man, who abounded in works of charity. *A pleasing Frame, containing Six Drawings,* we apprehend is intended for the small edition of *Young's Night Thoughts*, by HEPTINSTALL, who is already known to the public by the elegant engravings with which he has adorned other works. We shall here only add—*The View of Tilbury and Gravesend, with Sections of the intended Tunnel under the River Thames.* The sections are truly curious. The Tunnel is seen lighted by lamps, at regular distances, a greyhound in full speed, the mail-coach pushing forward with its usual rapidity, and every object designed to impress the spectator with the convenience arising from this wonderful subterraneous road by which the shores of Kent and Essex are to be connected. Upon the advantages of this tunnel it is not our province here to descant; but it exhibits the astonishing effects that may be accomplished by the unwearied efforts of human industry.

Thus, in a few words, have we imparted to our readers a sketch of the present Exhibition. We have spoken in a manner which accords with our own ideas. Among many indifferent pictures which we leave to their merited oblivion, there is a much larger number entitled to our admiration. Genius and taste, in the fine arts, have not abandoned us. Nor will they soon bid us an adieu, when we call to mind the aspiring mind of Britons, and the generosity with which merit is patronised. Notwithstanding all our defects, there is a national liberality assigned us, even by foreigners; and we may safely

safely challenge the world with respect to our skill and industry, in the cultivation of those beautiful arts which sweeten and embellish human life.

DIRECTIONS

FOR

STUDYING THE ENGLISH HISTORY.

IN

A LETTER TO A FRIEND,

BY THE LATE DR. FARMER.

[*From Biographianis.*]

“DEAR SIR,

YOU will not expect to be sent to the authors who are usually called classical, for much information on the English history. Very little is met with in the Greek, and not a great deal in the Latin. Cæsar, Tacitus, and Suetonius, are the only ones worth mentioning on this subject.

“Nor will you choose to be referred to the monkish writers. Jeffrey of Monmouth, and his story of Brute, are now generally given up. Some of them, indeed, as William of Malmesbury, Matthew Paris, &c. have a more authentic character; but I suppose any one (except a professed antiquary) will be contented with them at second-hand in the modern historians. Carte has made the most and best use of them, which is the greatest merit of his book. Hume often puts their names in his margin; but I fear all he knew of them was through the *media* of other writers. He has some mistakes, which could not have happened had he really consulted the originals.

“The first planting of every nation is necessarily obscure, and always lost in a pretended antiquity. It matters little to us, whether our island was first peopled by

by Trojans, Phœnicians, Scythians, Celts, or Gauls, who have all their respective advocates; and the famous Daniel de Foe makes his "True-born Englishman" a compound of all nations under heaven. If you choose, however, to read about this matter, "*Sheringham de Anglorum Origine*," 8vo. 1670, is the best book for the purpose. I may just mention, that some writers would cavil at the word *island* just above, and insist that we were formerly joined to the French continent.

"Little real knowledge is to be picked up from our history before the conquest; yet it may not be amiss to have a general idea of the Druidical government among the ancient Britons; of the invasion of the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, and again in the time of Claudius; the struggles for liberty under Caractacus, Boadicea, &c.; the desertion of the island by the Romans; the irruption of the Picts and Scots; the calling in of the Saxons as allies; who, after a time, turned their arms against the natives, and conquered them (some few excepted, who secured themselves in the mountains of Wales, whence their descendants affect to call themselves Ancient Britons); the establishment of the Heptarchy; &c. the union under King Egbert; the invasion and various fortunes of the Danes; and, lastly, the Normans, under William the Conqueror.

"The best authors for this period are Milton and Sir William Temple; the latter more pleasing, but the former more accurate. Milton's prose works are exceedingly stiff and pedantic, and Sir William's as remarkably easy and genteel; but he should have attended more to the *minutiae* of names and dates.

"As to the religion of our ancestors, something of the Druids may be learned from "*Schedius de Diis Germanis*," and an essay in "*Toland's Posthumous Works*." Christianity seems to have been introduced, perhaps by some of the Romans, in the first century. Some indeed pretend, that St. Paul himself came over.

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"The Saxons brought their own gods with them, viz. the Sun, Moon, Tuifco, Woden, Thor, Friga, and Seater, and, in imitation of the Romans, dedicated to them respectively the days of the week; and hence the names which continue to our times. For this subject I would recommend "Verstegan's Restitution of decayed Intelligence."

"From the conquest our annals are more clear than those of any other nation in the world. This happens from the custom or obligation that every mitred abbey was under to employ a registry for all extraordinary events; and their notes were usually compared together at the end of every reign. Hence the great number of monkish historians.

"It luckily happens, that no party-spirit has biased the historians in their accounts of our old kings; and it, therefore, does not much signify what author is read. You would smile at my love of black letter, were I to refer you to Hollinshed or Stowe; men, I assure you, by no means despicable, and much superior to Caxton, Fabian, Grafton, &c.; nor will you choose to read chronicles in rhyme; as Robert of Gloucester, and Harding. The most elegant old history we have, is that by Samuel Daniel, a poet of no mean rank. Though he wrote more than half a century before Milton, his style appears much more modern. His continuator, Trussel, is not so well spoken of. Daniel is very concise in his accounts before the Conquest, but much fuller afterwards. He ends with Edward III. and Trussel with Richard III. This book is re-printed in Bishop Kennet's "Collections;" but the old editions are the best. The bishop employed Oldmixon, a hero of the Dunciad, in the republication; who, we are told, falsified it in many places.

"If we are not content with general accounts of the subsequent reigns, it may not be amiss to look at their particular writers. "Buck's History of Richard III."

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is remarkable from the pains he takes to clear his character against the scandal (as he calls it) of other historians. Lord Bacon's florid "History of Henry the Seventh" comes next. You must know this king was a favourite with James the First; and, as it was written to recover his favour, the author, you may suppose, has not been impartial. Lord Herbert's "Henry the Eighth," well deserves reading; he was a free-thinker and a free writer; his information was good, and the era particularly interesting. The next work of importance (not quite forgetting Dr. afterwards Sir John Hayward's "Edward the Sixth") is "Camden's Elizabeth," a performance worthy of its author. The story of Mary Queen of Scots may be more particularly learned from her countrymen Melvil, Buchanan, &c.

"The Stuarts have brought in a flood of histories, many high-flying panegyrics, and many scandalous invectives. On James the First, Wilfon, Saunderson, Weldon, &c. and a late writer, one Harris, an Anabaptist parson*.

"For Charles the First, appears our greatest historian Lord Clarendon: on the other side Ludlow, who, however, is particularly severe on Cromwell. I omit Whitlock, Rushworth, Warwick, and a thousand others.

"After the Restoration, Bishop "Burnet's History of his Own Times" will come in, and carry us to the end of Queen Anne's reign, a curious work, but to be read with great caution, as the bishop had strong prejudices. Salmon wrote an answer to it.

"Rapin seems the next writer of much consequence. Voltaire, certainly a good judge of history, calls him our best historian; but perhaps he was partial to his coun-

* This one Harris, an Anabaptist parson, was a very respectable dissenting minister of the Presbyterian persuasion, in the west of England, and his "Lives of the Stuarts" are held in high and deserved estimation.—Ed.

tryman.

tryman. It is, however, a work of much accuracy, but barren of reflection, and consequently heavy in the reading. Carte, who emphatically styles himself an Englishman, wrote purposeily against him, on the Tory side of the question.

"The later historians, Hume, Smollet, &c. you know perhaps as well as I do. Hume is certainly an admirable writer; his style bold, and his reflections shrewd and uncommon; but his religious and political notions have too often warped his judgment. [Mrs. Macaulay has just now published against his account of the Stuarts; but I have not yet had an opportunity of reading her book.] Smollet wants the dignity of history, and takes every thing upon trust; but his books, at least the former volumes, are sufficiently pleasing. I have purposeily omitted a multitude of writers; as Speed, Baker, Brady, Tyrrel, Echard, Guthrie, &c.

"Collections of letters and state papers are of the utmost importance, if we pretend to exactness; such as a collection called the "Cabala," Burleigh's, Sydney's, Thurloe's, &c.

"The last observation I shall trouble you with is, that sometimes a single pamphlet will give us better the clue of a transaction than a volume in folio. Thus we learn from the *Duchess of Marlborough's "Apology,"* that the peace of Utrecht was made by a quarrel among the women of the bed-chamber! Hence memoirs, secret histories, political papers, &c. are not to be despised; always allowing sufficiently for the prejudice of the party, and believing them no farther than they are supported by collateral evidence.

"I remain, &c.

"R. F. *"

* Since the writing of the above letter, the public have been favoured with HENRY'S *History of England*, which cannot be too much admired for the accuracy and extent of its information.—Ed.

LIST

XUM

LIST

OF

BRITISH FEMALE LITERARY CHARACTERS

LIVING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY *.

[From *Randall's Letter to the People of England.*]**A**NSPACH, Margravine of—Tour to the Crimea, and Dramatic Pieces.

Barbault, Mrs.—Poems and Moral Writings.

Brooke, Mrs.—Novels and Dramatic Pieces.

Bennet, Mrs.—Novelist.

Carter, Mrs.—Greek and Hebrew Classic, Poetess, &c. &c.

Cowley, Mrs.—Poems, Comedies, Tragedies, &c. &c.

Crespigny, Mrs.—Novelist.

Cosway, Mrs.—Paintress.

Dobson, Mrs.—Life of Petrarch, from the Italian.

D'Arblay, Mrs.—Novels, *Edwy and Elgiva*, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Damer, Hon. Mrs.—Sculptor, and Greek Classic.

Francis, Mrs.—Greek and Latin Classic.

Gunning, Mrs.—Novelist.

Gunning, Miss—Novelist, and Translator from the French.

Hayes, Miss—Novels, Philosophical and Metaphysical Disquisitions.

Hanway, Mrs.—Novelist.

Inchbald, Mrs.—Novels, Comedies, and Translations from the French and German.

Linwood, Miss—Artist.

Lee, Misses—Romances, Comedies, *Canterbury Tales*, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Lennox, Miss.—Novelist.

* In order to escape the imputation of partiality, the names are arranged alphabetically.

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F

Macaulay

LIST

- Macaulay Graham, Mrs.*—History of England, and other Works.
- Montagu, Mrs.*—Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare; being a Defence of him from the Slander of Voltaire.
- More, Miss Hannah*—Poems, Sacred Dramas, a Tragedy, and other Moral Pieces.
- Piozzzi, Mrs.*—Biography, Poetry, British Synonymy, Travels, &c. &c.
- Plumptre, Miss*—Translations from the German; a Novel, &c.
- Parsons, Mrs.*—Novelist.
- Ratcliffe, Mrs.*—Romances, Travels, &c. &c.
- Robinson, Mrs.*—Poems, Romances, Novels, a Tragedy, Satires, &c. &c.
- Reeve, Miss*—Romances and Novels.
- Robinson, Miss*—Novelist.
- Seward, Miss*—Poems, a Poetical Novel, and various other works.
- Smith, Mrs. Charlotte*—Novels, Sonnets, Moral Pieces, for the Instruction of Youth; and other works.
- Sheridan, late Mrs.*—Sidney Biddulph, a Novel.
- Thomas, Mrs. late Miss Parkhurst*—Greek and Hebrew Classic.
- Thickness, Mrs.*—Biography, Letters, &c.
- Wolstonecraft, Mrs.*—A Vindication of the Rights of Woman, Novels, Philosophical Disquisitions, Travels, &c.
- Williams, Miss Helen Maria*—Poems, Travels, a Novel, and other Miscellaneous Pieces.
- West, Mrs.*—Novels, Poetry, &c. &c.
- Yearsley, Mrs.*—Poems, a Novel, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

There are various degrees of merit in the compositions of the female writers mentioned in the preceding list. Of their several claims to the wreath of fame, the public and the critics are left to decide. Most of them have been highly distinguished at the tribunal of literature.

ORIGIN

ORIGIN OF THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL CAPS
BY WHICH VARIOUS ORDERS ARE DISTINGUISHED.

[From the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.]

THE use of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449, the first seen in these parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen ; from that time they began to take place of the hoods or chaperons that had been till then used. When the cap was of velvet they called it *mortier*, when of wool, simply *bonnet*. None but kings, princes, and knights, were allowed the use of the *mortier*. The cap was the head dress of the clergy and graduates. Pasquin says, that it was anciently a part of the hood worn by the people of the robe, the skirts whereof being cut off as an incumbrance, left the round cap an easy commodious cover for the head, which round cap being afterwards assumed by the people, those of the gown changed it for a square one, first invented by a Frenchman, called Patrouillet ; he adds, that the giving of the cap to the students in the universities, was to denote that they had acquired *full liberty*, and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors, in imitation of the ancient Romans, who gave a *pileus* or *cap* to their slaves, in the ceremony of making them free : whence the proverb *vocare servas ad pileum*. Hence also on medals the cap is the *symbol of liberty*, whom they represent holding a CAP in her right hand by the point.

The Romans were many ages without any regular covering for the head ; when either the rain or sun was troublesome, the lappet of the gown was thrown over the head, and hence it is that all the ancient statues appear bareheaded, excepting sometimes a wreath, or the like. And the same usage obtained among the Greeks, where, at least during the heroic age, no caps were

F 2

known

known. The sorts of caps or covers of the head in use among the Romans, on divers occasions, were the *pitra*, *pileus*, *cucullus*, *galerus* & *pallialum*, the differences between which are often confounded by ancient as well as modern writers.

The French clergy wear a shallow kind of cap, called *zalotte*, which only covers the top of the head, made of leather, satin, worsted, or other stuff. The red cap is a mark of dignity, allowed only to those who are raised to the cardinalate. The secular clergy are distinguished by black leathern caps, the regulars by knit and worsted ones.

Churchmen, and the members of universities, students in law, physic, &c. as well as graduates, wear square caps. In most universities doctors are distinguished by peculiar caps, given them in assuming the doctorate. Wickliff calls the canons of his time *bifurcati*, from their caps. Pasquin observes, that in his time the caps worn by the churchmen, &c. were called square caps, though in effect they were round yellow caps. The Chinese have not the use of the hat like us, but wear a cap of peculiar structure which the laws of civility will not allow them to put off. It is different for the different seasons of the year, that used in summer is in form of a cone, ending at top in a point. It is made of a very beautiful kind of a mat, much valued in that country, and lined with satin, to this is added, at top, a large lock of red silk, which falls all round, as low as the bottom, so that in walking, the silk fluctuating regularly on all sides, makes a graceful appearance; sometimes, instead of silk, they use a kind of bright red hair, the lustre whereof no weather effaces. In winter they wear a plush cap, bordered with martlet's or fox's skin; as to the rest like those for the summer. These caps are frequently sold for eight or ten crowns, but they are so short that the ears are exposed.

The cap is sometimes used as a mark of infamy; in Italy

Italy the Jews are distinguished by a yellow cap; at Lucca by an orange one. In France, those who had been bankrupts were obliged ever after to wear a green cap to prevent people from being imposed on in any future commerce. By several arrets, in 1584, 1622, 1628, 1688, it was decreed, that if they were at any time found without their green cap, their protection should be null, and their creditors empowered to cast them into prison; but the sentence is not now executed.

VULGAR ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY, CORRECTED.

I. **T**HAT the scorpion does not sting itself when surrounded by fire, and that its sting is not even venomous.—Keyser's Travels, Maupertui, Hughes's Barbadoes, Hamilton's Letter in the Philosophical Transactions.

II. That the tarantula is not poisonous, and that music has no particular effect on persons bitten by it, more than those stung by a wasp.—De la Lande's Travels, Naples; Abbé Richard's ditto, Experiments of the prince of San Severo.

III. That the lizard is not friendly to man in particular, much less does it awaken him on the approach of a serpent.—Hughes's Barbadoes, Brook's Natural History.

IV. That the remora has no such power as to retard the sailing of a ship by sticking itself to its bottom.—De la Lande, *alii passim*.

V. That the stroke of the cramp-fish is not occasioned by a muscle.—Bancroft's Guiana concerning the torporific Eel.

VI. That the salamander does not live in fire, nor is it capable of bearing more heat than other animals.—Sir T. Brown suspected it, Keyser has clearly proved it.

F 3

VII. That

VII. That the bite of the spider is not venomous. Reaumur.—That it is found in Ireland too plentifully ; that it has no antipathy to the toad. Barrington's Letter, Philosophical Transactions, &c. Swammerdam.

VIII. It is an error to suppose that a fly only has a microscopic eye. Dragon-flies, &c. bees, wasps, flesh-flies, &c. will turn off and avoid an object in the way on the swiftest wings, which shews a very quick and commanding sight. It is probable, that the sight of all animals is, in quickness and extent, proportioned to their speed.

IX. The porcupine does not shoot out his quills for annoying his enemy ; he only sheds them annually. as other feathered animals do. He has a muscular skin, and can shake the loose ones off at the time of molting—Hughes. *& alii passim*.

X. The Jack-all, commonly called the lion's provider, has no connection at all with the lion. He is a sort of fox, and is hunted in the east, as the fox is with us—Shaw, Sandys.

XI. The fable of the fox and grapes is taught us from our childhood, without our ever reflecting, that the foxes we are acquainted with do not eat grapes. This fable came from the east ; the fox of Palestine is a great destroyer of grapes.—V. Hasselquist, Shaw.

XII. The eye of birds is not more agile than that of other animals, though their sight is more quick. On the contrary, their eye is quite immoveable, as is that of most animals and insects of the quickest sight.—British Zoology, &c.

XIII. The tyger, instead of being the swiftest of beasts, is a remarkably sluggish and slow animal.—Owen's dictionary *in verbo*. Experiment at Windfordge.

XIV. Sir Thomas Brown, who wrote against Vulgar Errors, maintains that apes and elephants may be taught to speak.

INGRA-

INGRATITUDE DESERVEDLY PUNISHED.

AN ANECDOTE FROM SENECA.

A CERTAIN soldier, in the Macedonian army, had, in many instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valour; and had received many marks of Philip's favour and approbation. On some occasion, he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on the shore, helpless and naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress, and, with all humane and charitable tenderness, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and, for forty days, supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey. In some time after he presented himself before the king, he recounted his misfortunes, magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained. Unhappily Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate

immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief; and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was instantly fired with indignation; he ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horridly repaid; and, having seized his soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, **THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST**: a character infamous in every age, and among all nations; but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality,

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL 22. **M**R. Lewis's new comedy, called *The East Indian*, was represented, and received with flattering approbation. It is the production of a youth of sixteen, and, therefore, should be treated with tenderness. It is evidently taken, as to many passages, from various authors, though the parody is, we must confess, well executed. Mr. Lewis, however, shines in the management of the tender scenes, and with the interview between *Rivers* and his daughter *Zoraida*, we were

were much gratified. Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Kemble acquitted themselves with uncommon ability. It is almost impossible to judge fairly of the merits of this play, since being brought forward on Mrs. Jordan's benefit, the public were evidently prejudiced in favour of it. Should it, however, continue to enjoy any considerable share of the public approbation, we shall enter into a detail of its merits and tendency.

23. Mr. Whalley's new tragedy, entitled *The Castle of Montval*, was performed to an overflowing house. It is taken from Schiller's celebrated play of the *Robbers*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Count Montval	Mr. Kemble.
Count Montval, his Son	Mr. Holland
Count Colman	Mr. Aickin
Marquis	Mr. C. Kemble
La Pont	Mr. Barrymore
Blaize	Mr. Packer
Ambrose	Mr. Fisher.
Countess of Montval	Mrs. Siddons
Matilda	Mrs. Powell
Theresa	Miss Heard.

The young Count Montval, corrupted by La Pont, plunges into dissipation, and imprisons his aged parent to obtain the possession of his estate. The Countess resolves to investigate the mystery. La Pont endeavours to prevent her design, and at last determines to murder both old Montval and the Countess, to escape detection, but falls the victim of his own treachery, being stabbed by Montval at the very moment he is lifting up his hand to kill the Countess. The young Count arrives just as his injured father is breathing his last, in consequence of the shock occasioned by the scene just transacted. Unable to support the pangs of conscience, and the merited reproaches of his virtuous wife, he stabs himself,

himself, and the dismal tale of woe is completed by the Countess throwing herself upon the dead bodies of her husband and father-in-law, giving up the ghost.

Such is the horrible plot of this tragedy, which abounds in deaths, murders, and hobgoblins!! Mrs. Siddons, and Powell, Mr. Kemble, Barrymore, and Packer, were distinguished for their exertions.

MAY 3. A new comedy, called *First Faults*, was performed for Miss De Camp's benefit, supposed to flow from her own pen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cleveland	Mr. Downton
Lord Fallible	Mr. G. Kemble
Seymour	Mr. Barrymore
Prater	Mr. Bannister
O'Niel	Mr. Palmer
Sir Charles Careless	Mr. Russell
Plodwell	Mr. Maddocks
Roland	Mr. Wewitzer
Claw	Mr. Hollingsworth
Long Odds	Mr. Suett.
Lady Careless	Miss Biggs
Emma	Mrs. Jordan
Tulip	Miss Melon
Mrs. Sanderfon	Mrs. Walcot.

Lord Fallible attempts to seduce Emma, and persuades her to leave her father's house. Cleveland, the father, goes in search of her to the house of Lady Careless, whose brother, Mr. Seymour, he accuses, but learns that the guilty person is Lord Fallible. Emma, in the meantime, is conducted to a lodging, which Lord Fallible makes her believe to be his own house. He, going to visit a relation ill, leaves her to Mrs. Sanderfon, the mistress of the house, who, before, had let it to Long Odds, a Newmarket sharper, whose arrival throws Emma into the most embarrassing situation. Finding herself

herself deceived she leaves the house, and, conducted by Tulip to lady Careless, is warmly received. Cleveland challenges Lord Fallible, they meet, Fallible fires in the air, and offers every atonement by marrying of Emma, to which, after some hesitation, the father agrees, and then comes the reconciliation.

The most prominent characters are, Sir Charles Careless, a good hearted but imprudent man, whom distress reforms. Prater, a loquacious counsellor, who manages Sir Charles's affairs, and Long Odds, who is detected and exposed by Seymour, having been the chief cause of Sir Charles's embarrassments.

This simple plot was enlivened by entertaining characters, in which humour and originality were mingled. The play, though not without faults, was well received, and every attempt to expose the vices of the times meets our approbation. The stage's true province is to lash folly and expose vice. May these ends be, on every occasion, fully accomplished!

COVENT GARDEN.

APRIL 27. *What is She?* a Comedy, in five acts, the production of a young lady, was performed, for the first time, with considerable success. A young widow, who having been unhappy in her marriage, assumes the name of *Mrs. Derville*, and retiring to a cottage in Caernarvonshire, becomes a proselyte to misanthropy, is the foundation on which the authoress has reared her dramatic superstructure. The other characters are, *Lord Orton*, the admirer of *Mrs. Derville*, who, under the borrowed name of Belford, has recourse to various stratagems to penetrate the mystery in which she is enveloped, and to whom she is afterwards united, is well delineated. *Sir Cassio Old Stile*, an admirer of
ancient

ancient customs, and *Fargon*, an adept in fashionable vices, are equally well drawn, and strikingly contrasted. *Period*, a lawyer and author, is a smart touch on modern tourists, and *Lady Zephyrina Mutable*, a correct likeness of that trumpery character—a modern fine lady! The incidents by which these characters are connected, and the manner of bringing about the denouement, are unskilfully arranged, but still they are not wholly destitute of interest. The sentiment is nervous and refined, while simplicity and chastity characterise the humorous part of the dialogue. Judging from this specimen of a virgin muse, we are inclined to think the fair satyrist upon the whole

“Formed to delight at once and lash the age.”

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MAY, 1799.

TO THE SUN.

A FRAGMENT,

Written in the Spring.

[From Fawcett's Poems.]

THOU dazzling ball ! vast universe of flame !
Idol sublime ! Error's most glorious god !
Whose peerless splendours plead in the excuse
Of him that worships thee, and shine away
The sin of pagan knees ! whose awful orb,
Though truth informs my more enlightened creed,
Almost entices my o'er-ravished heart
To turn idolater, and tempts my mouth
To kiss my hand before thee. Nature's pride !
Of matter most magnificent display !
Bright masterpiece of dread omnipotence !
Ocean of splendour ! wondrous world of lights !
Thy sweet return my kindled lays salute.

Hail, amiable vision ! every eye
Looks up and loves thee ; every tongue proclaims,
'Tis pleasant to behold thee ; rosy health,
And laughing joy, thy beauteous daughters, play
Before thy face for ever, and rejoice
In thine indulgent ray. Nature mourns
Thine annual departure ; in despair,
Like one forsaken by her love, she sits,
And tears from off her all her gay attire,

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THE

And drowns her face in tears, and languid lies,
 As if of life devoid: but lo, she lives:
 She lives again! her glorious rover comes,
 To wake her from her lethargy of woe,
 And warm her into beauty with his smile.
 Fountain of inspiration! fir'd by thee,
 Imagination's sacred tumults rise,
 And pour upon the fair, immortal page,
 The splendid image and the burning word!
 Oh hallow'd hour! o'erflowing with delight!
 Moments of more than earthly ecstacy!
 When the blest bard, panting beneath thy rays,
 Feels the fine rapture silently infus'd
 Into his agitated breast; and full
 Of his bright god, with lofty fury raves,
 Celestially disturb'd! till the strong flames,
 That his whole soul to heavenly madness heat,
 Have spent their blaze in all the rage of song!
 Great conflagration! whose immortal fires,
 With mystic, everlasting fuel fed,
 Flame with a generous fury, flame to spread
 Far other scene than smoking ruin round,
 Fair flowers and smiling verdure, fields that wave
 With yellow wealth, and boughs that stoop beneath
 Their blushing load, with affluence oppress!
 Great Father of the system! round whose throne,
 In filial circles all thy children shine,
 Exulting in thy kind, paternal smile!
 Well-order'd family! for ever free
 From jarring strife; harmonious moving on
 In easy dance; and calling human life
 To list the music of your silent glide,
 And make its social system chime like yours,
 Preceptors sweet of concert and of love!
 Had but this noisy scene an ear to learn.
 Or is thy name, the student's sacred lamp,
 Hung up on high, and trimm'd by heaven's own hand?
 By whose pure light, more precious to his eye,
 Than that which trembles on his nightly page,
 (Man's puny tome,) with silent joy he reads
 The broad, instructive sheet, which thou hast held,

All wise instructor! to thy pupil man,
Through every age. Invaluable book!
In schools unrival'd, though but little read!
Fair, faultless piece! immortal work of heaven!
Bible of ages! boundless word of God!
Writ in a language to all nations known;
And, through all time, with care divine, preserv'd
From all corrupt interpolations pure.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SPRING.

RISING majestic o'er this humbler orb,
On pinions borrow'd from the realm of light,
The bright-ey'd monarch's golden beams absorb
Each tear, distil'd from winter's parting night.

Fair spring, with gentle finger, deals again
Her infant beauties to the busied year;
Deep glooms receding from the scatter'd plain,
Proclaim th' approach of rosier seasons near.

Where the sad mourner reads, with pensive eye,
Her lover's fate amid the sleeping wave;
The fountain's current breathes a tinkling sigh,
In liquid softness, from its marble cave.

Now pencil'd shapes of latent bloom appear,
And nature blends each harsh and soft'ning shade;
The soft-rob'd heav'ns, through clouds serenely clear,
Diffuse mild lustre o'er each sylvan glade.

Hark! the sweet gale which fans the eastern grove,
Whose pines o'er shade the verdure-fringed steep;
Dies in wild murmurs as the waters move,
With silver face, towards their kindred deep.

If Providence frame a harmony so pure
'Twixt objects form'd to charm the mortal eye,
How chaste a harmony shall he secure
To the fair spirits of a happier sky!

T. MAMRON.

Manchester.

THE ORPHAN.

DEPRIV'D in early life of parent's care,
Ere Reason dawn'd, or passion swell'd my soul,
Compell'd, unshelter'd, adverse storms to bear,
Devoid of succour, and without controul.

Oft for relief relations rich I fought,
And urg'd my kindred ties, my state distress'd;
But found their bosoms with no pity fraught—
For sordid int'rest charity suppress'd.

Hard is the lot of him whom heav'n ordains
To never use th' endearing name of fire;
He to the world, of cold neglect complains,
Unheeded oft, and oft repress'd with ire.

The voice of mirth, gay labour's artless lay,
In fair luxuriance nature's beauties dress'd,
Each scene of youthful innocence at play,
Gave pangs peculiar to my hapless breast.

And when I view'd the neat-clad free-school train,
With sacred volume plac'd beneath their arms,
Bending their steps toward some holy fane,
To be instructed in religion's charms:

The iron-hand of fate I then deplor'd,
That, barrier'd, kept me from the light of truth;
Whilst some of pen'ry's sons were amply stor'd
With useful learning, in the dawn of youth.

But I from mis'ry found no genial home,
To scorn's keen insults, harsh rebuke expos'd;
Impell'd for sustenance each day to roam,
And then at eve in some lone hut repos'd.

And oft I stretch'd my supplicating hand,
Whilst the big tear stood tremb'ling in my eye;—
Fainting for food, and urg'd by want's command,
I ask'd compassion from the passers by.

Thus long untutor'd, fave in suppliant arts,
The gems of knowledge were to me unknown;
I knew no joy that science fair, imparts,
Nor in my breast were moral precepts sown.

Three years revolv'd in this uncertain state,
'Till heav'n, in pity, rais'd a friend benign,
The good Acasto heard my adverse fate,
Who ne'er, unpity'd, saw the hapless pine.

His gen'rous aid my youthful breast secur'd,
From chilling want and desolating care,
To knowledge, arts, and virtue, he allur'd,
And bade me vices hate, which health impair.

As Reason dawn'd, the shades of ignorance fled,
And cheering prospects then appear'd to view,
Gay fancy fairy scenes of bliss pourtray'd,
And hope bade me th' inviting paths pursue.

Steep is the gradual rise to fortune's fane,
And ruffian cares beset the mazy way,
And fell detraction, life's unconquer'd bane,
And ruthless envy give the breast dismay.

Aided by virtue, perseverance, health—
Success awaited on my efforts strong,
Smooth was the road that led to fame and wealth,
And vain th' allurements of the vicious throng.

And now on me propitious fortune smiles,
And ev'ry past corroding care repays,—
Content and competence reward my toils,
And give me leisure to attune my lays.

Hail! blest benevolence, friend to pen'ry, hail!
Whose feeling bosom melts at human woe;
Who, over human foibles throws a veil,
And mak'ft the languid heart of sorrow glow.

To thy all-potent aid I blissful stand,
Rais'd from the drear abyss of deep distress—
Oh! may thy gen'rous spirit prompt my hand,
The victims of despair and want to bless.

J. S.

THE ANGLER.

WHEN sable night retires, and cheerful morn
 From tow'ring steep pours on th' extended
 Landscape her renovating streams; rous'd by
 The "cock's shrill clarion," from th' adjacent
 Farm the ANGLER hastens to the neighb'ring
 Pool, with tap'ring rod, and lines of various
 Strength, and all his numerous baits, o'ernight
 Prepar'd, delusive. Beneath the covert
 Of an aged elm, whose drooping boughs sport
 In the limpid wave, close by th' irriguous
 Verge he takes his stand, and views with eager
 Hope the nodding cork or sinking float. Oft now
 The daring Perch assails the harmless worm,
 And with repeated nibbles the fisherman
 Deceives. The sturdy carp, perchance the latent
 Barb, may seize. Then fierce with head-strong rage he
 Strikes across the reedy pool, lashing with
 His tail the foaming element. With all
 His skill the angler plys the limber rod,
 Intent to gain the contest. At length he
 Proves victorious, and to the shelving
 Brink, with joyous hand, he hauls his scaly prize.

Then into the pool he throws again the
 Lengthen'd line fresh-baited, till on the grassy
 Bank the speck'led fry, of various kinds,
 Glisten innum'rous in the morning sun.

But now the sport, tho' pleasant for awhile,
 Begins to tire. And having plac'd within
 His meshy net, with grafs in-laid, the finny
 Heap, he o'er the verdant lawns and furrow'd
 Fields, now homeward cheerful bends his lonely way.

Birmingham,
7th April, 1799.

J. M.

ELEGY.

TO S. C. S——.

SAY, charming maid, and seal thy W—'s doom,
Must I no more my tender hope indulge?
To urge my trembling suit no more presume,
No more the anguish of my soul divulge?

Good God! within that dear, that gen'rous breast,
The shrine of pity, tenderness, and love,
Can such severity a moment rest,
And to its noblest feelings truant prove *?

Yes—thou th' irrevocable doom hast past!
And I before thy fearful sentence bow,—
O pardon this, thy W—'s last request,
Forgive the tears which dare reproachful flow.

Yet tho' my fondest wish I thus resign—
And all my hopes of happiness disperse,
No power on earth can quench a love like mine,
Becalms my soul and sooth this dire reverse.

Place me in Eden's ever verdant bow'rs,
Where soft ambrosial airs their balm dispense,
Or fix me where eternal tempest low'rs,
And endless winter chills the torpid sense;

Let youth's warm tide my throbbing pulse dilate,
And beauty, smiling, court me to her arms;
Let fortune, 'ray'd in all the pomp of state,
Before me spread her twice ten thousand charms;

* The above *two* verses were, by mistake, inserted at the head of another poem by the same author, in the last VISITOR, instead of which the following, verse should have been inserted:

The morn, in orient colours dress'd,
Has now no cheering beam for me;
No more the eve becalms my breast,
Since torn from all I love—from thee.

Or waft me to thofe fam'd Arcadian fields
Where grace and lov'linefs enchanting fhine;
'Twere vain—a cherub's fmile no pleasure yields,
While mem'ry, faithful mem'ry, dwells on thine.

O'erwhelm'd in difappointment's darkeft night,
Their hope forlorn, my heedlefs fteps purfue;
Terrors no more my gloomy foul affright,
Nor joys my blafed pleasures can renew.

To hope, to fear, alike for ever loft,
Each may with each its varied force combine,
But fann'd with gales, or on the tempeft tofs'd,
My heart is thine alone, for ever thine.

Some happier fwain will now thy favor gain,
And bask in fmiles that once, my God! were mine;
And be it thus—my foul fhall ftill difdain
To nurse the wifh that would contend with thine.

'Tis true, thy W— boasts no wide domain,
No bleating flocks, no lowing herds have I,
No teeming harveft, fcatter'd o'er the plain,
To plead my caufe and greet ambition's eye.

But I've a heart that longs to make thee blefs'd,
If tender truth thy happinefs ensures;
Thefe arms would prefs thee to a faithful breaft,
Thefe eyes adore thy charms while life endures.

The fleeting day, the month, the year,
With grateful homage ftill I'd yield to thee;
To watch thy fmiles alone, my constant care,
My higheft blifs, thy faithful friend to be,

But thou haft fpuen'd thy W—'s honeft love,
And all his tender offices difdain'd;
Adieu, dear maid—yet may'ft thou never prove
With woes like mine, thy deareft bofom pain'd.

I go 'mid defert wilds and torrid fkies,
The peaceful haven of repofe to feek:—
Blefs'd refuge! where thefe ftorms no more arife,
Nor on the head misfortune's furies break.

There, while I wait the mandate of the skies,
Of ev'ry joy, of ev'ry bliss bereft,
To heav'n my warm unwearied prayer shall rise,
To heav'n, for thee, my hands I'll hourly lift.
May'st thou the fond affections still possess
Of one, who shall thine own as well deserve;
Thy nuptial bed may smiling cherubs bless;
Those cherubs still, may smiling heav'n preserve.

While anguish wrings my woe-devoted heart,
While fearful down the vale of life I wend,
May happy, happy days their smiles impart,
And on thy guiltless footsteps still attend.

Yet if a pensive hour sometimes returns,
Sometimes to former scenes thy thoughts revert:
Ah! think of him who in the desert mourns,
Oh! give a sigh to W—'s bleeding heart!

This balmy hope thou wilt not tear away,
Alas! to love, to woe, like mine 'tis due,
Ten thousand tears shalt ev'ry sigh repay,
Adieu, dear lov'ly maid, a long adieu!

W. H.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HAIL, lovely spring! at thy return
What pleasures fill our breasts,
The feather'd tribe no longer mourn,
But build their little nests.

The lark, the nightingale, and thrush,
With warb'ling notes they sing,
And, with the blackbird from the bush,
Salute the cheerful spring!

Now Flora decks the meadows green,
To yonder grove let us repair,
There we'll review the blissful scene,
And breathe the grateful spicy air.

*Ditchling,
Suffex.*

T. SADLER.

AN

INDIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS COMRADES.

NOW the sun sinks in night, and its glory's obfcur'd,
 The dark hour of battle draws nigh;
 In yon gloomy dungeon my Kora's immur'd,
 And vengeance fits thron'd in the fky!

Ye unfeeling white-men, now revel your laft,
 Soon, foon fhall ye all bite the duft;
 To the fowls of the air we your bodies will caft,
 Your fouls to the land of the curft!

Then your axes prepare, my comrades, and hafte,
 Whilst night, fcowling, holds her domain;
 Revenge leads the way—let's fcour the wafte,
 And drink of the blood of the flain!

W. M.

STANZAS

BY A FATHER TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, UPON
 HER PLUCKING A WHITE VIOLET.

AND haft thou from its vernal bed
 Pluck'd this lovely flower!
 How foon, alas! its fragrance fled,
 It meets its fading hour.

How lately, breathing fweet perfume,
 Amidft thy *white* compeers,
 Didft thou the graffy bank illume
 With luftre bright as theirs.

Now foil'd and wrink'led, each fair leaf
 No fnowy hue can boast;
 Thy modett beauties, frail and brief,
 How foon, alas! they're loft.

This fragrant flower, dear, lovely child !
 To me, thyself, pourtrays !
 Like it, thy beauties, fair and mild,
 Now shoot their vernal rays.

Like it, thy brightest charms must fade,
 Thy spark'ling blue eyes close ;
 Nor in thy face be long display'd,
 The vi'let and the rose.

Dear child ! may heaven protect thee still !
 And give thy opening sense
 To *know* and *do* thy Father's will,
 Till *HE* command thee hence.

A long and useful life below,
 If *HE* shall please to give,
 'Tis well—if not, dear Emma go,
 In heaven a *cherub* live.

Sidbury Vale.

E. B.

THE MISER.

DACTYLICS.

LOOK at the miser ! morose, sullen, meagre wretch !
 Happiness seems from his bosom for ever gone,
 Charity, kindness, and pity, fled long ago.

Mark how of pleasure and comfort he robs himself,
 Scarcely indulging in life's common requisites,
 Though he is master of wealth in abundancy.

Wealth ! which the summit of bliss he had thought to find !
 Wealth ! which he labour'd and toil'd for most eagerly !
 Wealth now repays him in care and anxiety—

Renders him daily a prey to disquietude ;
 Haunts his weak mind in the midst of his slumbering,
 Breaks his repose and destroys all serenity.

First in the morning he hastes to his treasure-bags,
Last in the evening he sees them in safety lodg'd;
Waking, he trembles each moment away from them;
Dosing, he dreams but of thieves and of plunderers.

Solely engross'd by desire to encrease his store,
Deaf to the plaints of distress are his ears become,
Blind are his eyes to the hardships of poverty;—

Sorrow and pain he attempts not to mitigate,
Widows and orphans in vain for relief implore,
Beggars, unheeded, are turn'd from his gate away.

Selfish and mean, and without generosity,—
Strangers he shows not the least hospitality,
And of his kindred he shuns the society:

Hated, detested, despis'd universally,
Living, no creature his welfare rejoices at,
Dying, no tears will be shed for the loss of him.

Father! his life and his end, oh! preserve me from!
Let me retain mediocrity, satisfied,
Rather than rich, like the miser, be mis'able.

CHERTREA.

Literary

Literary Review.

Travels in England, Scotland, and the Hebrides; undertaken for the Purpose of examining the State of the Arts, Sciences, Natural History and Manners in Great Britain, 2 vols. Translated from the French of B. Faujas Saint Fond. Ridgeway.

THE history of the globe is a momentous subject, but we should begin our studies of this kind with a knowledge of our own country. Our native land should be the first object of attention, and then with the utmost propriety we may proceed to investigate the remaining regions of the earth.

It is a little remarkable, that from foreigners we are destined to learn this necessary knowledge; but such is the case, nor should we be the less inclined, on this account, to peruse their performances, whence we may derive much satisfaction.

The present production flows from the pen of a sensible and intelligent Frenchman, who, in his visit to this country, appears to have been highly gratified with his reception. His account of us is flattering, and many curious particulars are communicated respecting our soil, climate, and manners. The style also is lively and animated, so that the whole work, with a few exceptions, combines no small degree of instruction and entertainment.

In the first volume the author informs us that he visited most of our *literati*, and his account of them is

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H

gratifying

gratifying to the curiosity, though some of them are evidently overcharged with panegyric. This latter circumstance must be ascribed to the amiable principle of gratitude, and to that warmth of imagination which is the characteristic trait of Frenchmen.

We shall transcribe his visit to **HERSCHEL**, the famous astronomer, with which the reader must be highly pleased.

"I arrived at Mr. Herschel's about ten o'clock. I entered, by a staircase, into a room which was decorated with maps, instruments of astronomy, and natural philosophy, spheres, celestial globes, and a large harpsichord.

"Instead of the master of the house, I observed, in a window at the farther end of the room, a young lady seated at a table, which was surrounded with several lights; she had a large book open before her, a pen in her hand, and directed her attention alternately to the hands of a pendulum-clock, and the index of another instrument placed beside her, the use of which I did not know: she afterwards noted down her observations.

"I approached softly on tiptoe, that I might not disturb a labour, which seemed to engage all the attention of her who was engaged in it; and, having got close behind her without being observed, I found that the book she consulted was the **Astronomical Atlas of Flamsteed**, and that, after looking at the indexes of both the instruments, she marked, upon a large manuscript chart, points which appeared to me to indicate stars.

"This employment, the hour of the night, the youth of the fair student, and the profound silence which prevailed, interested me greatly. At last she turned round her head accidentally, and discovered how much I was afraid to disturb her; she rose suddenly, and told me she was very sorry I had not informed her of my arrival, that she was engaged in following and recording the observations of her brother, who expected me, and who, in order that he might not lose the precious opportunity of so fine a night, was then busy in his observatory.

"My brother," said Miss Caroline Herschel, "has been studying these two hours; I do all I can to assist him here. That pendulum marks the time, and this instrument, the index of which communicates by strings with his telescopes, in-
forms

forms me, by signs which we have agreed upon, of whatever he observes. I mark upon that large chart the stars which he enumerates, or discovers in particular constellations, or even in the most distant parts of the sky.*

* This fraternal communication, applied to a sublime but abstruse science, this constancy of study during successive nights, employed in great and difficult observations, afford pleasing examples of the love of knowledge, and are calculated to excite an enthusiasm for the sciences, since they present themselves under an aspect so amiable and so interesting.

"Mr. Herschel's observatory, to which I repaired some moments after, is not built on an eminence, nor on the top of a house; he has preferred placing it on a verdant plain, where the wind is not so likely to shake his instruments, and which is sufficiently extensive to permit all the motions such large machines require.

"His telescopes are elevated in the air, and mounted in a most simple and ingenious manner: a young man is placed in a kind of chamber below, who, by the means of machinery, turns the telescope and the observer together in a circle, with a gradual motion corresponding to that of the earth; thus the reflexion of the star observed is retained on the metallic mirror.

"These large machines are, besides, constructed with that precision, solidity, and care, which renders them capable of bearing the intemperateness of the air; and the mirrors are so disposed, that they can be taken out and replaced at pleasure, with the greatest facility, notwithstanding they are of considerable weight.

"Here I saw that ever-memorable telescope with which the eighth planet was discovered*. Mr. Herschel gave to it the name of the King of Great Britain, and called it *Georgium Sidus*. But all astronomers, actuated by a feeling of general gratitude, have, with one unanimous voice, unbaptised it, and given it the name of *the planet of Herschel*.

* It was discovered in 1781; its motion is from west to east, like that of the other planets. By observing it attentively with the largest telescopes, Herschel has discovered two satellites moving round the planet, in orbits nearly circular, and almost perpendicular, to the plane of the ecliptic.

" This telescope, with which I had the pleasure of making observations during two hours, is only seven feet long, and six inches six lines in diameter. Mr. Herschel assured me, that he had made more than one hundred and forty mirrors with his own hands, before he reached that degree of perfection to which he at last brought them. A telescope of six feet length is placed beside this one.

" This celebrated astronomer has not confined the size of his telescopes to the last measure; there are two others, which are twenty feet long, mounted on large standards, rising above the house. The diameter of one of these telescopes is eighteen inches three-fourths, and the mirror weighs one hundred and fifty pounds.

" As these superb instruments are of the Newtonian kind, which require the observer to be beside the object-glasses, Mr. Herschel has constructed an apparatus of ingenious mechanism, by which the farther end of the telescope can be reached with ease and safety. There the observer finds a turning chair so disposed, as to enable him to sit at his ease, and follow the course of the stars. A domestic, placed below the telescope, by means of an ingenious combination, moves it softly and gradually along with the observer, and all the apparatus.

" Thus William Herschel has been enabled to discover, distinctly, those innumerable stars, which form the most pale and distant part of the galaxy.

" With these instruments he has been enabled to observe that multitude of double stars, as well as so many nebulae, with respect to which astronomers had only vague and uncertain notions; with them, too, he has undertaken to count the stars of the sky, and has made most astonishing discoveries.

" Placed at the upper end of his telescope, when the indefatigable astronomer discovers in the most desert parts of the sky a nebula, or a star of the least magnitude, invisible to the naked eye, he informs his sister of it, by means of a string which communicates with the room where she sits; upon the signal being given, the sister opens the window, and the brother asks her whatever information he wants. Miss Caroline Herschel, after consulting the manuscript tables before her, replies, brother, search near the star *Gamma, Orion*, or any other constellation which she has occasion to name. She then shuts the window, and returns to her employment.

" That

"That man must be born with a very great indifference for the sciences, who is not affected by this delightful accord, and who feels not a desire that the same harmony should reign among all those who have the happiness to cultivate them. How much more rapid would their progress then be!"

"We commenced our observations with the *Milky way*.

"The telescope of twenty feet discovered to us, in the palest and most distant part of the heavens, an immense number of bright stars, quite distinct and separate from each other.

"Mr. Herschel then directed the instrument to the star in the foot of the Goat, which emitted so strong a light as to affect the eye. On making its light fall upon a paper written in very small characters, we could discern and count the lines with ease. It is curious thus to distinguish objects by the glimmering of a star, that is, a sun many hundreds of millions of miles removed from the confines of our system.

"The double stars, which are not visible with the most powerful acromatic glasses, appear separate and very distinct, when viewed with the telescope of twenty feet long.

"Mr. Herschel made me observe the nebulae of M. Mercier, with the telescope of seven feet, that is, with the one at first which served to discover the planet. These little specks appear still nebulous with that instrument; and one perceives only a feeble and obscure glimmering. But the telescope of twenty feet permits one no longer to doubt that they are clusters of stars, which appear confused only from their immense distance; by this telescope they are found to be perfectly distinct.

"Mr. Herschel requested me to direct my principal attention to the stars which he was the first to discover to be of different colours from each other, and among which some are seen that border on blue, others on orange, and several on a bluish colour, &c.

"It is certainly neither to an optical illusion, nor to the effect of the mirrors and lenses, which Mr. Herschel uses, that we ought to attribute this difference of colour. I started every possible objection upon the subject; but the learned observer always answered them by facts, to which it would be unreasonable to reply. Thus, for example, he repeatedly directed the telescope to two double stars of pretty nearly the same magnitude, and separated from each other by a small interval

only; that is, small in appearance, for the interval must be immense if we consider their distance from the earth. Both were of the same colour, and emitted the common white light of the stars.

"On directing the same telescope immediately after to other double stars near them, the one appeared to be evidently blue, and the other of a silver colour. The blue star was in some instances on the right, and in others on the left. I saw also some single stars of a blue appearance, several of a bluish white, and others of an orange colour.

"Mr. Herschel said to me with much modesty, that this discovery was not of very great merit, since it was easy to make it without recurring to large telescopes; acromatic ones with large object-glasses being sufficient to discover the coloured stars above-mentioned.

The observations, however, of Mr. Herschel were at first disputed, for it is much easier to deny than to examine. But they were soon confirmed, as they deserved to be, by the astronomers of Germany and Italy, and by M. M. Delassini, Mechain, &c. of the observatory of Paris.

"Mr. Herschel shewed me a pretty large work on the stars; which he designs to publish as soon as it is brought to a conclusion. He has confirmed what has been long since observed, that several stars distinctly marked in the ancient catalogues, and of which some are even laid down in the celestial Atlas of Flamsted, have entirely disappeared. It is thus probable, that there sometimes happen great revolutions and and terrible catastrophes in several parts of the system of the universe; since, if the stars were suns, their extinction must have annihilated the organised beings who existed on the planets which they illuminated.

"Jupiter, viewed with the telescope of twenty-feet, appears much larger than the full moon. His parallel belts are very distinct, and his satellites are of a truly astonishing magnitude.

"On directing the same telescope towards Saturn, we saw his ring in the most distinct manner, and also the shadow which it projected on the body of that immense and singular planet. Mr. Herschel shewed me the sky, and even several stars, in the interval between the moveable ring and the planet. By means of some luminous points which are remarked in the ring, he was enabled to discover that this solid circle has
a rota-

a rotation from west to east in the same manner with the other planets of our system.

"The micrometer which Mr. Herschel uses is composed simply of two threads of silk, very fine, well stretched and parallel, which may be moved to a greater or shorter distance at pleasure. The instrument of parallel threads was known before, but this acute observator has perfected it, by finding an easy method of turning one thread over the other at pleasure; so that, on placing them in the telescope, he can take angles with the minutest precision.

"The inventor of such large telescopes is far from having confined himself to those of twenty feet long. He was engaged in making the necessary preparations, to construct one of forty feet in length, and of a proportionable diameter.

"Mr. Herschel's intention in constructing telescopes of this great size, is not so much to magnify the object, as to obtain, by the aid of mirrors of such a vast field, a more considerable quantity of light. This project is new and excellent. He told me, that he expected to encounter great difficulties in carrying to perfection a telescope of that dimension and weight; but that he, at the same time, expected such great effects from it, that nothing should be capable of discouraging his progress.

"I remained until daylight in that astonishing observatory, constantly occupied in travelling in the heavens, with a guide, whose boundless complaisance was never wearied by my ignorance, and the importunity of my questions. I passed about seven hours there, employed without intermission in observing the stars. It was impossible to think the time long, when spent in an employment of so profitable, and, with respect to me, curious information. That delightful night appeared no more than a dream to me, and seemed to last only a few instants; but the remembrance of it is indelible; and the grateful recollection of the kindness with which Mr. Herschel, and his interesting sister, condescended to receive me, will never be erased from my heart."

The account of the Highlands, and of the Cave of Fingal, is extended to some length, and indeed occupies a considerable part of the volumes. The mineralogist will

will receive this work with gratitude, and persons of every description will, from the perusal of it, obtain a more accurate knowledge of the natural history of Great Britain. Such a publication therefore we approve, and it is, on the whole, entitled to our applause.

Poems by Robert Southey. Second Volume. Longman.

THE name of Southey is already dear to readers of taste and sensibility. His *Joan of Arc*, his *first volume* of Poems, and his *Travels* into Spain and Portugal, are works in deserved estimation, and most persons have read them with avidity. The present addition to his labours is not inferior to the former productions with which the public have been favoured.

The Vision of the Maid of Orleans, which constituted, formerly, a distinct book of that work, is thrown out of the second edition, and is here separately published, taking up the first sixty-nine pages. It is a fine piece of fancy, and contains many charming flights of the imagination. We are next presented with three small pieces, *The Rose*, *The Complaints of the Poor*, and a *Metrical Letter*. Then come *Ballads*, including many beautiful pieces, and, afterward, *English Eclogues*, which, by their simplicity, cannot fail of engaging the heart.

Every piece in the volume possesses merit, though we can evidently discern that there is a variety in the traits of excellence. Were the subjects less melancholy, they might be the less interesting; but we wish that the genius of Mr. Southey, were more inclinable to cheerfulness.

A few of these productions we intend to bring forward in THE VISITOR; at the present we shall content ourselves with a curious ballad, the singularity of which recommends it to our attention. It is founded on a tale in an old monkish historian, *Matthew of Westminster*,

minster, dated 852. The manner of its being told by Mr. Southey, finely ridicules the superstition in which our forefathers were involved, and it will afford our readers some amusement.

A BALLAD,

SHEWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND
WHO RODE BEFORE HER.

"The raven croak'd as she sat at her meal,
And the old woman knew what he said,
And she grew pale at the raven's tale,
And sickn'd and went to her bed.

Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,
The old woman of Berkeley said,
The monk my son, and my daughter the nun,
Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead.

The monk her son, and the daughter the nun,
Their way to Berkeley went,
And they have brought with pious thought
The holy sacrament.

The old woman shriek'd as they entered her door,
'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear,
Now take the sacrament away
For mercy, my children dear!

Her lip it trembled with agony,
The sweat ran down her brow,
I have tortures in store for evermore,
Oh! spare me my children now!

Away they sent the sacrament,
The fit it left her weak,
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes
And faintly struggled to speak.

All kind of sin I have rioted in
And the judgment now must be,
But I secured my childrens souls,
Oh! pray my children for me.

I have

I have suck'd the breath of sleeping babes,
The fiends have been my slaves,
I have nointed myself with infants fat,
And feasted on rifled graves.

And the fiend will fetch me now in fire
My witchcrafts to atone,
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

Bless I intreat my winding sheet,
My children I beg of you!
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And 'sprinkle my coffin too.

And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong I implore
With iron bars, and let it be chain'd
With three chains to the church floor.

And bless the chains and sprinkle them,
And let fifty priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

And let fifty choristers be there
The funeral dirge to sing,
Who day and night by taper's light
Their aid to me may bring.

Let the church bells all both great and small
Be toll'd by night and day,
To drive from thence the fiends who come
To bear my corpse away.

And ever have the church door barr'd
After the even song,
And I beseech you, children dear,
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

And let this be three days and nights
My wretched corpse to save,
Preserve me so long from the fiendish throng
And then I may rest in my grave.

The old woman of Berkeley laid her down
And her eyes grew deadly dim,
Short came her breath and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers as due,
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled them,
And fifty priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty choristers were there
To sing the funeral song,
And a hallowed taper blazed in the hand
Of all the sacred throng.

To see the priests and choristers
It was a goodly sight,
Each holding, as it were a staff,
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all both great and small
Did toll so loud and long,
And they have barr'd the church door hard
After the even song.

And the first night the taper's light
Burnt steadily and clear,
But they without a hideous rout
Of angry fiends could hear;

A hideous roar at the church door
Like a long thunder peal,
And the priests they pray'd and the choristers sung
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,
The tapers they burnt bright,
The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, away they flew
The fiends from the herald of day,
And undisturb'd the choristers sing
And the fifty priests they pray.

The second night the taper's light
Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise
That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads
As fast they could tell,
And aye as louder grew the noise
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung
As they trembled more and more,
And the fifty priests prayed to heaven for aid,
They never had prayed so before.

The cock he crew, away they flew
The fiends from the herald of day,
And undisturb'd the choristers sing
And the fifty priests they pray.

The third night came, and the tapers flame
A hideous stench did make,
And they burnt as though they had been dipt
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
Grew momentarily more and more,
And strokes as of a battering ram
Did shake the strong church door.

The

The bellmen they for very fear
Could toll the bell no longer,
And still as louder grew the strokes
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads,
They fell on the ground dismay'd,
There was not a single faint in heaven
Whom they did not call to aid.

And the choristers song that late was so strong
Grew a quaver of consternation,
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast
That shall one day wake the dead,
The strong church door could bear no more,
And the bolts and the bars they fled.

And the taper's light was extinguish'd quite,
And the choristers faintly sung,
And the priests dismay'd, panted and prayed
Till fear froze every tongue.

And in he came with eyes of flame
The fiend to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glowed
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
And the coffin lid that was barr'd so firm
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the old woman of Berkeley rise
And come with her master away,
And the cold sweat stood on the cold cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quivered with fear,
And a groan like that which the old woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She followed the fiend to the church door,
 There stood a black horse there,
 His breath was red like furnace smoke,
 His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The fiendish force flung her on the horse,
 And he leapt up before,
 And away like the lightning's speed they went,
 And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries and shrieks
 For four miles round they could hear,
 And children at rest at their mother's breast,
 Started and screamed with fear."

This dismal ditty is accompanied with a wooden plate of *The Devil and the Old Woman*, on horse-back, neither of which forms possess any great beauty.

A Second Walk through Wales, by the Reverend Richard Warner of Bath, in August and September 1798.
 8s. Dilly.

THE *first* Walk through Wales was duly noticed in our miscellany, and a variety of pleasing extracts were transcribed for the entertainment of our readers. On the present occasion we have a similar treat prepared for them, and we shall be happy in contributing to their gratification.

Mr. Warner is a respectable clergyman of Bath, and has delineated the antiquities of that famous city with accuracy. These Walks are evidently the produce of a cultivated mind, and of an amiable disposition. We have read both of them with peculiar satisfaction. With part of the scenes here described we are acquainted, and can bear our testimony to the faithfulness of the Tourist. It is no small pleasure when we peruse an author on whose accuracy and communications the greatest dependence can be placed.

The

The present Walk embraces an extent of 763 miles; he took his departure from Bath, and went as far as Anglesea, then coming back to Swansea, he took water, and reached the city of Bristol. In the course of such a route many pleasing scenes must have occurred, and in many instances we wished that we had been in his company.

Though we have many pleasing passages to transcribe, we must, at present, confine ourselves to the account given us of Caerleon, in Monmouthshire. This town exhibits a memorable proof of human instability! At one period *Caerleon, York, and London*, were the three principal places in the kingdom. CAERLEON, therefore, cannot fail of being an object of fervent curiosity to every mind that is acquainted with British history.

"As we approached Caerleon our prospect became more extensive, and objects of curiosity multiplied upon us. Near the eighth mile-stone from Newport, the sign of the Rock and Fountain

' Invites to short refreshment, and to taste
What grateful beverage the house may yield
After fatigue, or dusty heat.'—

We availed ourselves of its invitation; and having taken a slight repast, ascended the hill which rises immediately opposite to it. It is lofty and abrupt, and was formerly strengthened by a castle, called Penhaugh Castle, one of the fortified residences of the St. Maurs, ancestors of the Seymour family. The view from this elevation is extremely fine, but few other advantages seem to have attended the situation of the ruined mansion, since it was completely commanded by a still higher hill to the south.

"The road, which for several miles has been rising, though gradually and insensibly, affords at every step prospects rich and diversified. They now, indeed, begin to partake of the *grand*, retaining at the same time their character of the *beautiful*. To the north, the vale of Usk still displays itself smiling with cultivation, watered by its sinuous stream, and bounded by a line of mountains, amongst which the ragged head of the

Skirid Vawr, near Abergavenny, makes a conspicuous figure. On the south, the Bristol Channel presents a magnificent sheet of water, studded with islands, the greater and lesser Holmes, and Barry island; the distant hills of Somersetshire and Devonshire finishing the view towards that point.

"Being desirous of visiting the loftily situated village of Christ Church, we left the *new* road to Caerleon on our right (which has of late years been formed for the convenience of carriages, in order that they may avoid the steep descent from Christ Church into the valley) and took the *old* way through the village. The elevation in the country, occasioned by an imperceptible rise for a considerable distance, here terminates in a sudden and abrupt manner, and on the brow of this descent the village of Christ Church is seated. It has little to boast, save the beauty of its prospect, which a very lofty situation enables it to command. An old and curious flat sepulchral stone occurs in the church, rudely indented with the figures of a man and woman, separated by a cross; the inscription running round the margin of it is cut in barbarous letters, and baffled all our attempts to give a complete transcription of it; you have as much as we are able to make out:

"*Hic jacent Johannes et uxor ejus qui obierunt anno Domini M CCC LXXVI quorum animabus [prospicitur, probably] Deus. Amen.*

"Descending slowly from the village of Christ Church, we approached Caerleon, a town famed in Roman, British, and Norman story for its former strength and splendour. None of its ancient magnificence now remains; though some memorials of it may be discovered in ruined walls and fragments of antique masonry, scattered through the town and its immediate vicinity. Time, however, could not rob it of its natural beauties; and the happy situation in which it stands will never cease to afford pleasure to the eye of taste. We entered the town at the east end, by crossing a bridge thrown over the Usk, a passage that had been formerly well defended, as is evident from the ruins of a bastion, or round tower, on the left hand, probably of Norman architecture. The bridge is formed of wood on a similar construction, and for the same reason as that of Chepstow, the tide at each place rising occasionally to the incredible height of fifty or sixty feet. The boards

boards which compose the flooring of this bridge being designedly loose, (in order to float with the tide when it exceeds a certain height) and prevented from escaping only by little pegs at the ends of them, do not afford a very safe footing for the traveller; and some awkward accidents have been known to arise from this cause. A singular adventure occurred about 20 years ago, to a female, as she was passing it at night, which tells so much to the credit of the ladies, that it would be unpardonable in a tourist, who is less an admirer of the sex than myself, not to detail the particulars.

"The heroine in question was a Mrs. Williams, well known in the town, and living there till within these few years; she had been to spend a cheerful evening at a neighbour's house on the eastern side of the river, and was returning home, (I presume) at a decent hour, and in a decorous state. The night being extremely dark, she had provided herself with a lantern and candle, by the assistance of which she found her way towards the bridge, and had already passed part of the dangerous structure. When about *half seas over*, however, (don't mistake my meaning) she unfortunately trod on a plank that had by some accident lost the tennons originally fixed to the ends of it, and had slipped from its proper situation; the faithless board instantly yielded to the weight of the good lady, who, I understand, was rather corpulent, and carried her through the flooring, candle and lantern, into the river. Fortunately, at the moment of falling she was standing in such a position as gave her a seat on the plank, similar to that of a horseman on his nag. It may be easily imagined that Mrs. Williams must have been somewhat surprized by this change of situation, as well as alteration of climate. Blessed, however, with a large share of that presence of mind, or patient endurance of evil, which exalts the female character so far above our own, the good lady was not overwhelmed (except with the water) by her fall; and steadily maintained her seat on the board, taking care at the same time to preserve the candle lighted, rightly supposing it would serve as an index to any one who might be able or willing to assist her. Thus, bestriding the plank, our heroine was hurried down by the river towards Newport, the bridge of which she trusted would stop her progress, or its inhabitants be alarmed with her cries. In both her hopes, however, she was disappointed; the rapidity of a

spring-tide sent her through the arch with the velocity of an arrow discharged from the bow, and the good people of the town had long been wrapt in slumber. Thus situated, her prospect became each moment more desperate, her candle was nearly extinguished, and every limb so benumbed with cold, that she had the greatest difficulty in *keeping her saddle*; already had she reached the mouth of the Usk, and was on the point of encountering the turbulent waves of the Bristol Channel, when the master of a fishing-boat, who was returning from his nightly toils, discovered the gleaming of her taper and heard her calls for assistance, and, after a considerable struggle between his humanity and superstition, ventured at length to approach this floating wonder, and brought Mrs. Williams safely to the shore in his boat!

"To the antiquary, Caerleon is a place of much curiosity; you would, therefore, consider us as unpardonable, had we not half blinded ourselves amongst the rubbish of its ruins, and torn our clothes with the thorns and brambles that conceal these venerable remains. Our researches indeed were conducted with all proper spirit and perseverance; but, I am sorry to say, they were not rewarded by any discovery that could throw new light on the history of the place, or make a material addition to what is already written on the subject. Time has been assisted, in his tardy but ceaseless operations of destruction on the antiquities of Caerleon, by the active industry of its own inhabitants; some of whom, stimulated by a principle of avarice, have destroyed or removed many of the finest monuments of its ancient splendour. Within these three years the town has been despoiled of two gate-ways, probably Norman, and the lofty keep which stood on the mound to the north-east of the town has also, since the memory of man, been levelled with the ground. Facts like these certainly detract considerably from the *classical character* of the Caerleon; ites, but you will be still more indignant at their want of common curiosity, when I mention an anecdote equally true.

"About eighteen months or two years back, on digging a cavity to receive the foundation of a large warehouse, near the church, the workmen struck upon a mass of fragments of ancient masonry; consisting of capitals, shafts, and pedestals of pillars; entablatures, friezes, architraves, &c. The circumstance

cumstance was communicated to the owner, and some curious person suggested to him, that by expending a little more money it might lead to a further discovery, and throw new light on the history of the town. He went to the excavation, looked at the remains with perfect indifference, and coolly observing, that "thes'em sort of things had nothing to do with his coal speculation," ordered the workmen to cover them up.

"Much of the present town stands within the precincts of an ancient Roman camp, the walls of which still partially exist, though deprived of their facings, and so dilapidated as to leave their foundation scarcely visible in many places. Their form is parallelogramical, and their extent nearly six hundred yards by five hundred. A little to the north-west of these, in a meadow, a circular depression or concavity of the ground occurs, which is supposed by the initiated to be a Roman amphitheatre; though the profane vulgar consider it as the place of revelry between Arthur and his knights of the round table, and assert that the hero, when he quitted mortal existence, sank into the earth at this his favourite spot. Whatever its former consequence might have been, it is now inferior to many an English cock-pit, and holds out an useful lesson to the pomp of greatness, and the pride of descent. If it be Roman, as many circumstances concur to make us think it is, it would be a *castrense amphitheatrum*, formed by hollowing out the ground to a certain depth and circumference, and then furnishing its gently declining sides with green turf seats to accommodate the numerous spectators, a practice to which the poet of Sulmo alludes *. The mound of earth, called the keep, though probably owing its origin to the Normans, seems to consist partly of Roman ruins; fragments of Roman pottery, and masses of Roman bricks, are easily discovered by penetrating into the ground in the slightest manner. Of more modern antiquity, the only specimen which struck us, was the conventual house of the Miss Morgans†, having an interior quadrangle, originally connected, in all probability, with an abbey of Cistercian monks, which appears to have been settled very early at Caerleon †

* In gradibus sedet populus de cespite factis.

De Arte amandi.

† Tanner's Not. Mon. 327. Edit. 1744.

"It

"It may be amusing, perhaps, to recal to your recollection a few particulars connected with the history of this place.

"The present name, *Caerleon*, (the castle or camp of the legion) clearly points out a Roman origin. Horsley, than whom we cannot follow a better authority, supposes that the Romans arrived at this spot in the reign of *Antoninus Pius*, about the middle of the second century; and finding it to be a place agreeing in the circumstances of its situation with their system of castrametation, they made it the station, or headquarters, of the second Augustan legion. In allusion to this disposition of a particular body of troops, they called it *Isca Legionis Secundæ Augustæ*; or *Isca Silurum*, as being the capital city of the Silures or South-Wallians*. Here, it appears, the legion continued till within a short time of the departure of the Romans from Britain; since inscriptions towards the close of the empire, and coins of some of the latter emperors, have at different times been discovered on this spot.

"From these circumstances, as well as from the extensive ruins which have accidentally presented themselves in a circle round the present town of a mile in diameter, it cannot be questioned that *Caerleon* became, under the auspices of the Romans, a large and magnificent place; exhibiting those specimens of grandeur and refinement which generally decorated a Roman city—a forum, temples, baths, and theatres! The arts, indeed, seem to have been cultivated here to a high degree, as the many elegant relicks of antiquity, and beautiful fragments of Roman masonry, formerly to be seen in the possession of different people at *Caerleon*, sufficiently testify†. But its chief glory arose from the success with which intellectual acquirements were pursued; for if we give credit to the testimony of an ancient author‡, we are to believe, that *Caerleon* was a second *Crotone*, since he tells us (just previous to the arrival of the Saxons in Britain) there was an academy of two hundred philosophers at this place! Excellence, indeed, is only a relative term, and therefore, sagacious as these men of science

* Horsley's Britan. Rom. 78.

† Camden, p. 719, et infra. Horsley, p. 320.

‡ Alexander Elsebiensis, cited by Camden, p. 727.

would appear to be in the eyes of the ignorant multitude around them, they might, notwithstanding, be still far inferior to the scholars of Pythagoras. The circumstance, however, if it be fact, proves that Caerleon had attained to a very great comparative degree of civilization under the auspices of the conquerors of the world!

"Even during the times of the Romans in Britain, it appears that Caerleon enjoyed the blessings of the Christian religion. Three noble churches are said to have been erected in it, almost as soon as the gospel found its way into this country*, one of which was constituted the metropolitan church of all Wales. Here the archiepiscopal seat continued till the time of St. David, who, towards the close of the sixth century, translated it to Menevia †, or, as it was afterwards called, from the name of this canonized prelate, St. David's. The deities of classical mythology, however, had their worshippers also, and the great goddess of the Ephesians boasted a temple erected to her honour in the city of Caerleon ‡.

"How long the Roman forces were continued at Caerleon is not to be ascertained. The second Augustan Legion had retired from it, previous to the final desertion of Britain by that people §; but as coins of the Valentinians have been discovered here, we may conclude that it was a station as low down as the beginning of the fifth century.

"The enfeebled and emasculated Britons, when deprived of the aid of the Romans, became an easy prey to the fierce hordes of Saxon invaders, who flocked to this country about the middle of the fifth century. Caerleon, with the country surrounding it, fell into their hands, and doubtless suffered severely in the undistinguishing destruction which followed all

* Leland Collect. v. ii. p. 90.

† Tanner's Not. Mon. 327.

‡ Camden, 719. This is evident from the following inscription discovered at Caerleon in 1608:—

T. FL. POSTHUMIUS VARUS
V. C. LEG. TEMPL. DIANÆ
RESTITUIT.

§ Horsley, 78. The Romans quitted Britain about the middle of the fifth century.

the

the conquests of these barbarous tribes. It soon recovered its pristine splendour, however, and under the protection of the British hero, the renowned Arthur, who wrested it from the Saxons after a fierce battle, it became once more a place of consideration. Here it was that he received the crown from the hand of Dubritius, bishop of Llandaff, on being elected king of all Britain*; and here he instituted that order of chivalry, the *Round Table*, which makes so conspicuous a figure in the old romances †.

“Thus Caerleon became the scene of royal amusement, in which the British dames of Arthur’s court were, at Easter and Christmas, entertained with the jousts and tournaments of his hundred and thirty noble knights ‡.

“A tradition of these revels still exists in the town, and a notice of it occurs in the sign of a public-house, which displays a military figure, intended to represent King Arthur, and subscribed with the following lines:—

“1200 years and more are pass’d
Since Arthur ruled here:
And that to me once more he’s come
Think it not strange or quere.
Though o’er my door, yet take my word,
To honour you he’s able;
And make you welcome with good ale,
And knights of the round table.”

* Godwin de Præful. p. 572.

† Drayton’s *Poly-Olbion*, fourth song:

“The Pentecost’s prepared at Caerleon in his court,
“That table’s ancient seat;”—

And Selden’s note, p. 559. “At Caerleon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitsuntide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts; with them, and his Queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves. For so the British story makes it, according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities both sexes should not sit together.”

‡ The Legend of King Arthur. Percy’s *Ancient English Poetry*, v. iii. p. 37.

“These

"These jollities, however, seem to have had but an unfavourable effect on the *morals* of the ladies. The fair Guinever, Arthur's consort, and her female attendants, if not dealt unjustly by, were certainly not Lucretias; and the *tea-tables* of ancient Caerleon buzzed with whispers much to the discredit of their prudence."

"Little occurs relative to Caerleon, during that period of darkness and confusion known by the name of the middle ages. It successively felt the fury of the Saxon and the Dane, and was afterwards alternately in the possession of the English and Welsh. The castle, a remain of which is seen on the north side of the bridge, seems to have been erected about the middle of the twelfth century, if, indeed, it be the same called by Powel, the "New Castle upon Usk." At that time the English held the town, but surrendered it after a desperate resistance, to Jorweth ap Owen, prince of South Wales, in 1173. On the ensuing year, Caerleon experienced another change of masters, when a large army of English and Normans took possession of it; they retained it, however, but a few months, King Henry II. again restoring it to its rightful owner, Jorweth ap Owen, on this prince and the other South-Wallian leaders doing homage to him at Gloucester.

"In the year 1218, Caerleon fell once more into the hands of the English, under William Marshall Earl of Pembroke, and experienced all the horrors of a complete sacking, the frequent effect of military ferocity in the feudal ages. Llewellyn ap Jorweth recovered it in 1231, and it was retained by his descendants * till the complete reduction of Wales by Edward I."

Thus ends this interesting account of CAERLEON, which now, alas! is sunk into one of the poorest and dullest towns of the principality.

* See Powel's History of Wales, 201, 203, et infra.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Dilworth

Dilworth Improved, or a New Guide to the English Tongue, wherein the Orthography is rendered analogous to the Pronunciation, and the Elementary Principles of the English Language laid down in so easy and familiar a Manner as to constitute it the most faithful, systematic, and unerring Guide to the Natives of Great Britain, Ireland, and Foreigners: digested upon the Plan of Mr. Sheridan's Dictionary, and the most approved Grammarians and Lexicographers. By S. James, Schoolmaster, formerly of Christ's Hospital. Symonds. 1s.

THE rendering of the *division* of the words agreeable to their *pronunciation*, is an excellent method, and cannot fail to prove highly advantageous to the young pupil. We have long been of opinion that such a mode ought to be adopted, and we are happy to find the present Spelling Book thus constructed. The whole of the performance seems to be arranged and corrected with care and ability. The paper and typography also are much superior to the general run of school books; it is indeed a very cheap book—for all these good things, with a decent plate of the renowned *Master Thomas Dilworth*, are to be had for the price of *one shilling*!

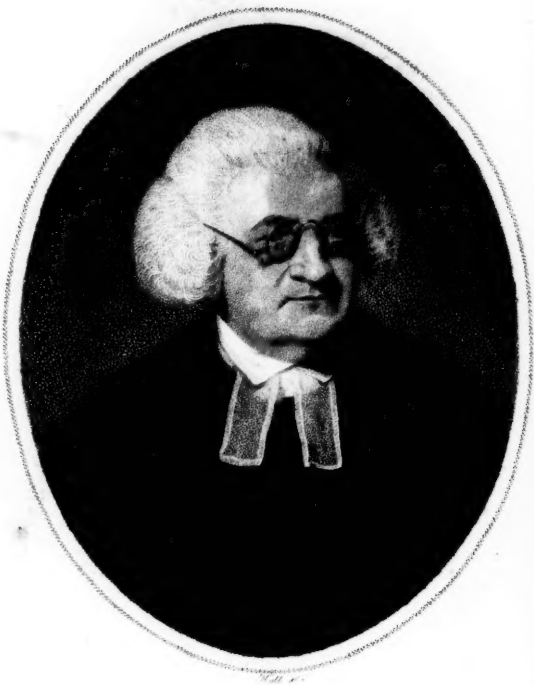
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several poetical favours have come to hand, which in our next month shall be duly acknowledged. We shall thank the *Gentleman of the Inner Temple* for his proffered communications, and beg leave, at the same time, to remind him that every reader of Periodical Publications has not received an *university education*.

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Rev. Jos. L. Towers, S.T.D.

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